

A.J. FOYT WINS A RECORD FOURTH INDY

Sports Illustrated

JUNE 6, 1977 ONE DOLLAR

THE BIRD IS BACK!

Detroit's Mark Fidrych and Friend





Is anything worth
the terror of
the deep?



ROBERT SHAW



JACQUELINE BISSET



NICK NOLTE



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A Peter Yates Film

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PG PARENTAL GUIDANCE SUGGESTED - 11+
[Some material may be inappropriate for children under 11]



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Thrilling conclusion of



Buick Opel 5-Car Showdown.



Opel finishes...

uh...2nd.



If you're in the market for a small imported car, you're probably looking at cars like the VW Rabbit, the Toyota Corolla, the Datsun B-210 and the Subaru DL.

But how about the Buick Opel?

That's what we thought. And that's the trouble. We know the Opel is a little dynamo of a car. But apparently very few of you even know it exists. Much less what it can do.

Thus, The Buick Opel 5-Car Showdown, in which we pitted our tough, talented Opel against four of its better-known competitors in daring, tender-to-tender comparisons. Comparisons that are probably on your mind. Like which car accelerates quickest? Which cars get the best EPA mileage ratings? Which corners flattest? Which is quietest and roomiest inside? Stuff like that.

To make sure the results would be fair and unbiased, we enlisted the aid of an independent engineering firm and an editor from *Car and Driver* magazine to oversee the procedures and review the data. All test cars were equipped as much alike as possible: all had 4-speed manual transmissions, available air conditioning, radial tires and a healthy complement of options. And the tests were conducted at the General Motors Desert Proving Grounds in Mesa, Arizona.

You may have seen our ads in your local newspaper, where we've been reporting the Showdown results on a regular basis. But in case you haven't or have missed some, here's what we've been up to

SHOWDOWN #1: HUMAN ENGINEERING

Rabbit jumps ahead, takes first place



	Interior Noise	Interior Room	Total Showdown Points
	(Showdown Points)		
1. VW Rabbit (1980) Hatchback 2 dr. Sedan	5	5	10
2. Toyota Corolla (1980) Sedan 2 dr. Sedan	5	4	9
3. Buick Opel (1980) Sedan 2 dr. Sedan	5	3	8
4. Subaru DL (1980) Sedan 2 dr. Sedan	5	2	7
5. Datsun B-210 (1980) Sedan 2 dr. Sedan	5	1	6

*Using EPA procedures we calculated front and rear seat volume estimates. (Head & shoulder's leg room). A total passenger volume estimate required.

Here we focused on an area of traditional weakness in small, imported cars: creature comfort. In other words, how quiet, how roomy, and how generally good our test cars are at making life pleasant for their occupants.

The Interior Noise Test turned out to be too close to call, so we awarded each car five first-place points. But Rabbit's good showing in the Interior Room contest gave it

first overall in the initial showdown. Opel, as you can see, finished third here.

So while we weren't exactly thrilled with Opel's third place finish, we did manage to beat two of our better-known competitors.

SHOWDOWN #2: UTILITY

Opel bounces back to grab victory.



	Trunk Capacity	Pulling Power	Packing Load Maneuverability	Total Showdown Points
	(Showdown Points)			
1. Buick Opel	3	5	5	13
2. VW Rabbit	5	3	3	11
3. Toyota Corolla	2	4	4	10
4. Subaru DL	4	2	2	8
5. Datsun B-210	1	1	1	3

*Results based upon info. not provided by the EPA.

**Measured pulling capabilities for (1) 30 mph

(2) 40 mph and (3) 50 mph (with gear)

**Results based upon (1) Measuring packing effort with the car standing still (2) Measuring packing effort with the car moving at 10 mph (3) Measured turning diameter (Subaru measured)

The function of this Showdown was to test functionality: which car has the biggest trunk, which car is easiest to park, which has the best pulling power. The results were most gratifying.

The Rabbit, with its hatchback, easily took trunk capacity honors. But our intrepid little Opel outmaneuvered all the others in parking ease (where we measured two kinds of steering effort and calculated turning diameter) and received the highest grades in what the engineers call "gradability" (or what you'd probably call "pulling power").

And that pulled Opel into a first-place tie with Rabbit after two showdowns. Most gratifying, indeed. Especially for a little car you might not even have been considering.

SHOWDOWN #3: OPERATING EFFICIENCY

Toyota and Datsun tie for first;
Opel—Gulp!—Last.



This was not our favorite event. Opel, with the biggest engine (1600cc) of all five cars, showed 27 miles per gallon* (based on EPA combined estimates: 55% city/45% highway). But it wasn't good enough.

Opel's bigger gas tank helped it do well when we measured Range (or how far a car can go on a full tank of gas), but not as well as Subaru and Toyota, who tied for first. And when we compared recommended maintenance schedules for 37,500 miles of normal driving, Opel (8 recommended visits) finished behind Rabbit (5 visits), and Datsun and Toyota (7 each).

All of which adds up to a first-place tie between Toyota and Datsun, with Opel—ehem—bringing up the rear, and dropping to third overall after three showdowns. As we said, this was not our favorite event.

	Com- bined Mileage Est.	Com- bined Range Est.	Recom- mended Main- tenance Steps ...	Total Show- down Points
(Showdown Points)				
Toyota	4	5	4	13
1. Corolla (1600cc) (28 hwy/28 city/22 comb.) (33.1 gal tank)				
Datsun	5	4	4	13
1. B-210 (1600cc) (40 hwy/28 city/34 comb.) (21.5 gal tank)				
Subaru	4	5	2	11
2. DL (1600cc) (40 hwy/28 city/32 comb.) (13.2 gal tank)				
VW	3	2	5	10
3. Rabbit (1600cc) (37 hwy/24 city/30 comb.) (13.5 gal tank)				
4. Buick Opel	2	3	3	8
(1600cc) (36 hwy/23 city/27 comb.) (13.7 gal tank)				

*Based upon EPA combined estimates (55% city/45% hwy). All vehicles equipped with standard 4-speed manual transmissions. Actual mileage may vary with driving habits, the condition of the car and its equipment.

**Based upon multiplying EPA combined mileage est. by gas tank capacity as published by each manufacturer. Actual ranges may vary.

***Based upon the number of recommended maintenance steps as outlined by the car. The number and type of recommended inspections, adjustments and replacements would vary by year. The less frequently the number of dealer visits, the higher the score.

SHOWDOWN #4: ACCELERATION, PULLING POWER, CORNERING FLATNESS, STEERING QUICKNESS

The fourth event was close.
Rabbit and Opel outrun the pack.



This, however, could very well be our favorite event. Because the first thing most people want to know about any car is, "What'll she do?"

How fast does it accelerate? How's it corner? How sensitive is the steering? And—for Opel—the answer to all of these questions is, "Quite well, thank you."

So well, in fact, that our surprising little Opel was barely nosed out by a car much ballyhooed for its prowess

in these areas, the VW Rabbit.

Our Acceleration Test clocked three capabilities (0-55 mph, 20 to 35 mph., and 30 to 70 mph.), and Rabbit beat the clock every time. But Opel—yes, Opel—pulled down a solid second place.

In the Gradability test, (the ability to climb a hill) Opel finished second. But Opel showed the way around turns, exhibiting (along with Datsun) the least body lean in the Cornering Flatness Test (assuming, of course, that flatter is preferred—if not, switch the order in the chart); and tied with Toyota, Rabbit and Datsun for first place when we measured Steering Sensitivity or quickness.

	Accel- eration Points	Pulling Power Points	Steering Sens- itivity Points	Cor- nering Flat- ness Points	Total Show- down Points
(Showdown Points)					
1. VW	5	5	4	5	19
Rabbit (1600cc) (194kg Avg. Curb Wt.)					
2. Buick	4	4	5	5	18
Opel (1600cc) (2150kg Avg. Curb Wt.)					
3. Toyota	3	3	3	5	14
Corolla (1600cc) (2150kg Avg. Curb Wt.)					
4. Subaru	2	3	4	4	13
DL (1600cc) (2050kg Avg. Curb Wt.)					
4. Datsun	1	2	5	5	13
B-210 (1300cc) (2040kg Avg. Curb Wt.)					

*Based upon 0-55 mph (20-35 mph 30-70 mph)

**Based upon pulling capabilities for 11.30 mph (3rd gear) and 20.55 mph (4th gear)

***Based upon opinion that less lean is preferable to more lean

****Based upon (1) measuring lateral acceleration and (2) calculating the resultant circle diameter (per 100 degree steering wheel angle at 30 mph)

AND THE WINNER IS...

Let's put it this way: we didn't win. Well, alright, if you insist, we'll put it this way: Rabbit won.

But not by much. As you can see in the final point totals, the VW only beat our Opel by three points (with Calif. emission equipped cars: four points). And Opel did finish ahead of three highly regarded opponents in the areas we tested.

So if the point of this whole 5-Car Showdown was to convince you that our Opel could hold its own against better-established competitors... that Opel should definitely be considered when you wander out to shop... well, we think we've made it.

Results will vary in California.

VW RABBIT 50 	BUICK/OPEL 47 	TOYOTA COROLLA 46 	SUBARU DL 39 	DATSUM B-210 35
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THE BUICK OPEL 5-CAR SHOWDOWN.

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Sports Illustrated®

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Next Week

GOING, GOING, GONE Has been the fight pattern all spring, as big-league batters tee off on the new baseball made by Rawlings. Larry Keith discloses the results of scientific tests undertaken to determine if the ball is indeed livelier.

LOTS OF ROUGH STUFF is, to their sorrow, what golfers find on U.S. Open courses, and Tulsa's Southern Hills will be no exception. As Sarah Pileggi reports, the USGA feels that if God gave us 14 clubs, he must have meant us to use them.

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LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER



LANE STEWART LOOKS AT THE BIRDIES

We don't mean to ruffle Joe Rud's feathers, but let us admit right here that this week's cover was intended for our special baseball issue (SI, April 11). It was all set to go when Mark Fidrych tore cartilage in his knee late in spring training, and, well, we were forced to kill the two birds with one Joe.

Happily for baseball, the Bird (the one in front on the cover) is back, chatting with baseballs and picking up his zany antics where he left off, as the story beginning on page 20 will attest. And happily for us, we finally have the two most popular birds in America on our cover.

It was last summer that a friend said to Carroll Spinney, the man behind . . . er . . . inside . . . well, the man who is Big Bird, "Have you seen this kid Fidrych? He's as wacky as you, and he's using your name." So one afternoon, before Fidrych was to pitch at Yankee Stadium, Big Bird paid his namesake a surprise visit. He waddled out of the visitors' dugout, all 6' 2" of him, onto the diamond where Fidrych was standing, and the two shook hands. Or wings.

"Hiya, Mark," said Big Bird in his familiar high-pitched voice. "Nice to meet a fellow bird."

"Boy! Wow! What a trip!" was about all Fidrych could manage.

Senior Editor Peter Carry right away thought that the twosome was a natural for a cover. The nice folks at the Children's Television Workshop, pro-

ducers of *Sesame Street*, and Jim Henson, creator of Big Bird and the rest of the Muppets, sent Big Bird over to join Fidrych for a photo session with Staff Photographer Lane Stewart, who soon found himself working in a cuckoo's nest.

"Bird, would you mind moving about six inches to your left," he said, peering through his viewfinder.

Both birds moved as one.

"No, Mark, not you," said Stewart. "I said the Bird."

The 22-year-old fledgling can be excused, but the fact is that Big Bird is the ranking pro here. Spinney, 43, has, as he puts it, "helped make Big Bird move and speak" since the very first *Sesame Street* show in 1969. He also plays Oscar the Grouch, but it is being Big Bird that demands a right arm as powerful as the Bird's. Spinney's right, constantly upraised, supports Big Bird's head, and his left operates both wings. His own head is somewhere inside the Bird's neck, and he "sees" by means of a two-square-inch TV monitor strapped to his chest. "It's a little like rubbing your stomach and patting your head at the same time," says Spinney.

Nonetheless, whatever sort of bird "Big" is, he is of a heartier breed than Fidrych. Big Bird has "pitched" more than 1,000 television hours, missing only six starts. Big Bird's closest brush with serious injury came in Atlanta in 1974, when, resting after a visit with candidate Jimmy Carter and daughter Amy before an appearance at Georgia Tech, he was brutally de-feathered, plucked clean by a group of ROTC students. Fortunately, Spinney was not inside Big Bird at the time.

"I'm not the best coordinated eight-foot-tall bird," says Big Bird. "I'll let Mark represent us birds in the sports world. By the way," he adds, "if you see him, tell him Big Bird says, 'Heeeyyy!'"

Sack Meyer

New Cat in town.



Early Times has turned a Tomcat loose.

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Edited by RUP NIELSEN

CUTTING GLASS

For much the same reason that some doctors have found the practice of medicine too costly, high school districts in Southern California soon may be forced to abolish competitive sports and physical education programs—even though the latter are required by state law.

The soaring cost of liability insurance, which in some cases has risen 400% over a two-year period, is to blame—the end result of insurance companies' preference for insuring activities that pose little risk and the frequency of personal injury suits filed against school districts.

In the Los Angeles area insurance rates already have forced some school districts to drop physical education classes in skiing, surfing and scuba diving. If these sports seem expendable to some educators, the L.A. schools also felt obliged to eliminate trampolines, an eventual and in gymnastics, when the premium on each trampoline in use rose to \$11,000. Escalating premiums also imperil long-distance running and cycling, and many school administrators feel the entire interscholastic sports program will have to be abolished if school districts are unable to get insurance at reasonable rates.

"It's the attitude of people who want to sue somebody because someone gets a slight injury," says James Crockett, an assistant superintendent for the Palos Verdes Peninsula Unified School District, explaining the causes. "They expect to be compensated two or three times or more what the damage might be. If we don't have liability insurance, there is no way we can operate an athletic program. It is not uncommon to have a suit filed against the district for half a million dollars, and it goes up from there."

"We've been hit for everything," says Don Eshelman, an assistant superintendent for business affairs in the Inglewood district. "If someone suffers a hangnail a suit is filed—and the courts make a very liberal award. It's really getting dangerous to our educational system."

Even in the absence of personal injury suits, and even when the carrier has made money from the policy, insurance companies have canceled their coverage with school districts, or raised rates precipitously.

"Insurance people are ratchet people," says Hugh Cameron, business manager of the South Bay Union District of Redondo Beach. "Any question you ask them is answered, 'It will cost you more.' There is nothing that will cost you less."

"I can foresee the day, if things continue, when there won't be any physical education or sports. Not only that, but all kinds of activities beyond sports are in danger. The carriers now ask, 'Do you have a forage in your industrial arts department?' We do. They don't ask questions without reason. What they are going to do is increase the cost. We don't have enough money to run the school district now, and since we can't pay for the increased costs, the kids are going to suffer."

DOING THE DISTANCE

Filling out a questionnaire for next week's National AAU track and field championships, Olympic distance runner Duncan MacDonald listed his hobby as "Taking apart my Volkswagen." Asked to list his ambition, MacDonald wrote "Being able to put my Volkswagen back together."

THE AGONY OF VICTORY

One would assume that a track athlete would enjoy any race he won, and that success would make him want to run his event often. Not so, says Boston Marathon winner Jerome Drayton.

"I try to avoid the marathon like a bad disease," he told Jim Proudfoot of *The Toronto Star*. "but because it's my best event, I have to do a couple a year to confirm my training methods."

"To describe the agony of the marathon to somebody who's never run it is like trying to explain color to a person who was born blind. Everything suffers, even your internal organs. You're

in pain all through the last six miles and for days afterward. Every atom of you aches. It's torture."

"That's why I don't go around looking for marathons to run in. Two a year is plenty for me."

SKETEER EATERS

To eliminate a problem that bugs its patrons every year, Scarborough Downs, a harness track near Portland, Maine, has released 5,000 baby dragonflies in conjunction with a newly opened race meeting. The great insect emancipation, everyone hopes, will rid the marshy grounds of mosquitoes.

"The people who sold us the dragonflies said that each one is able to eat 3,000 mosquito larvae at one sitting," says Peggy Cronk, Scarborough's group-



activity director. "Maybe now I can get rid of that can of Off I keep in the winner's circle."

The dragonfly tactic is the track's latest attempt to scratch an old problem. Last year a fog-spewing, antimosquito machine was pushed through the crowd after every other race. Before that the track tried special lights that attract, then "zap" the pests.

"People still complained," says Cronk. "One man swore he heard one mosquito say to another, 'Do you want to eat him here, or drag him off into the woods?'"

BUT COME SEPTEMBER

Last week the racing world was startled to read that Trainer Billy Turner was con-

continued

viding running Seattle Slew against mighty Forego in the Metropolitan Handicap at Belmont on Memorial Day. Surely Turner would not risk Slew's chance of becoming the first undefeated Triple Crown winner in racing history?

Of course he wouldn't. Billy Turner was fanning the press and perhaps needing Forego's trainer, Frank Whiteley, as well. He also had an ulterior motive. Experts felt that Turner would declare his horse out of the race before Racing Secretary Tommy Trotter assigned the weights for the handicap, often the procedure when a trainer does not intend to run. But Slew's owners, Karen and Mickey Taylor, wanted to know just what Trotter thought of their beloved animal. On Wednesday, he told them.

Once again, eyebrows were raised. Trotter, one of the most respected handicappers in the country, had rated Slew, described just weeks ago as "only the best of an ordinary crop," the equal of Forego, three times Horse of the Year.

The racing secretary begins his handicapping task with a standard scale of weights established decades ago. The scale calls for 3-year-olds in May to carry 113 pounds at a mile and older horses 127. But Forego, of course, is far superior to the average horse, so Trotter added six pounds, assigning the 7-year-old gelding 133. "You can't give him too much weight, because you've got the whole year ahead of you," says Trotter, who levied the 137 pounds that Forego and Bill Shoemaker carried to a stunning victory in last year's Marlboro Cup.

I started with 132 for the Rosebush, which wasn't run last week because of the strike of pari-mutuel clerks, but when Forego ran over the field in Monday's seven-furlong race, he showed he was back in top form, so I penalized him a pound.

"Slew is undefeated, has shown he can both sprine and go a distance, and he is a good mile horse," says Trotter, who assigned the colt 119, also six pounds over scale and five pounds more than anyone could recall a 3-year-old being assigned in the Metropolitan. Does that mean that Slew is as good as Forego? "Well, yes, I guess it does," says Trotter. "At least, in my opinion." Trotter says that at any distance shorter than a mile and a half, which Slew has never run, he would rate the horses equal, and at the longer distance he would probably drop him only a pound.

When handicappers highweight their horses, owners are not usually very happy, but the Taylors were delighted. "We're honored and so proud," said Karen, "and if he ran, we're sure he would win."

HELP WANTED

The financial outlook for the four NBA teams formerly with the ABA is, to put it mildly, bleak—especially that of the Indiana Pacers. The final payment on the \$3.2 million entrance fee into the NBA is due this week and the Pacers are already several million dollars in debt.

Last week, while the current owners were out of town looking for a new buyer, Roberta Sussman, a secretary in the Pacers' office, tried to do her part. She made a sign and put it in the front window. MILLIONAIRES WANTED—NOT BE WITHIN.

Unfortunately, there have been no replies, and according to Director of Public Relations Sandy Knapp, there are not likely to be. "We're practically in the basement of this building," says Knapp, of Market Square Center in downtown Indianapolis. "The only way a millionaire would come down here would be if he were desperate for a men's room."

NO SHIT TALK

Don Kewinger, second baseman with the St. Louis Cardinals, was walking to Busch Stadium one afternoon last week when an elderly and somewhat unkempt man approached and began staring at him. Kewinger, figuring he was being mistaken for Jim Nabors, which sometimes happens, merely smiled, nodded and kept walking. He tried to, anyway.

"He ran around in front of me and stuck his feet right on mine," Kewinger says. "I mean there was less than an inch between our noses." Again Kewinger smiled and kept moving, and again the old man ran in front of him and stuck his face directly into Kewinger's. "I finally said, 'Man, what are you doing?' And that's when it happened."

What happened was that the old man doubled up his right fist and threw a roundhouse punch that caught Kewinger flush on the jaw. More shocked than hurt, Kewinger grabbed his assailant by the shoulder. "What in the world do you think you're doing?" he demanded.

The old man peered at him again, began apologizing and backed away. "I'm sorry," he said. "I thought you

were someone else. Please forgive me."

"Hold on," said Kewinger, gripping him securely. "Now why would you want to act that way toward anybody?"

"The other fellow robbed me," the old man said glumly. "Took me for all I had. Left me a broken man. I'm awfully sorry. I thought you were him."

Holding the man with one hand, Kewinger reached into his pocket with the other, drew out two dollars and some change and handed the money to him. "Here," he said. "If this is a pain-handling approach, I'll give you credit for originality."

BAD NEWS IS GOOD

The team loses more than 80% of its first dozen contests, rate fan mail demands the scalps of the coach and the general manager; the press raps players, coach and management.

If it all sounds like April with the New York Yankees, score a publicity ace for World Team Tennis and the losing, problem-ridden Los Angeles Strings. In achieving the kind of irate fan reaction common to older professional sports, the new league has succeeded in winning acceptance of its brand of tennis as a team sport rather than an individual one.

Last year, when Strings GM Bart Christensen received only one critical letter during the season, he said, "The day we start receiving more letters like this will be the day we know we're accepted." This year fan reaction to the Strings' woeful start has resulted in a flood of critical letters. Christensen, however, abides by his earlier statement.

"Obviously, we are tremendously disappointed in our record," he says, "but we are gratified to have fans who care about us as a team. Painfully, we are learning we've been successful in selling WTT's team concept."

THEY SAID IT

- Tim McCarver, the Philadelphia Philie who catches all Steve Carlton's games. "When Steve and I die, we are going to be buried in the same cemetery, 66' 6" apart."
- Julius Adams, New England Patriot defensive end, on whether the Oakland Raiders hold: "Every time I rush the passer, I have to tack my shirt back in."
- Tom Sneva, race car driver, on the hazards of driving at Indy: "You just have to treat death like any other part of life."

END

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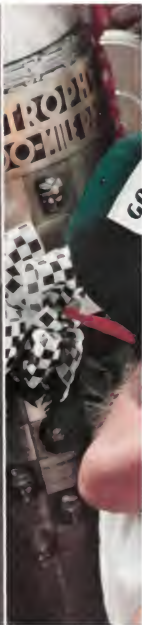
A.J., YOU'RE AMAZING

Ten years after winning his third Indy 500, Foyt was back in Victory Lane, and in sole possession of the Speedway's career win record *by Sam Moses*



Foyt (14) and Johnson crowded one another for most of the race, but it was for A.J. alone that the crowd clamored when the 500 was over.

CONTINUED







Johncock's race ended too soon at Turn One

INDY 500 continued

Last Sunday A. J. Foyt accomplished something he has been obsessed with for a decade—he won his fourth Indianapolis 500. In the race's 61 runnings no one else has won four Indys, so Foyt has carved himself a conspicuous niche in the history of the sport, a far more glorious one than that—a mere nick in comparison—which eluded him by .01 second during practice. That was how close he had come to being the first man to officially lap the Speedway at 200 mph, and A. J. had been so mad at failing to achieve that milestone that he locked himself in his garage. He will have to settle for making history only once this year at Indianapolis, which doesn't seem like such a hard thing at all.

Certainly not when you consider Gordon Johncock, who during tire testing in March was the first man to unofficially lap the Speedway at 200. Johncock's disappointment also was focused on one particular lap, a race lap, however the 185th. After leading 128 of 184 laps in this year's 500 in his Wildcat-DGS, with his final pit stop out of the way and a four-second lead over Foyt, Johncock rounded Turn Four and kissed his second Indy victory goodbye because of a broken valve spring. He coasted to a stop at Turn One, watched the final few laps from the pit wall and, as A.J. was wheeled into Victory Lane, Johncock waved him a salute of recognition and respect.

Said Foyt, "I read in the paper this morning that Gordy was supposed to have said he was going to hold back and wait for me and Al Unser to break. The day Gordy starts lying back for somebody to break, I'll retire from racing. Gordy's not that kind of driver. It was dog eat dog all day. I wasn't wishing him bad luck cause I'd have liked to race him to the end, but I guess the good Lord wanted a true four-time 500-mile winner."

PHOTOGRAPHS BY HERZ KLUTHER

Johncock, who qualified fifth, had a strong start, and by the third lap he was tucked in behind front-runner Al Unser, with Foyt fifth in his Coyote. After 50 miles Johncock and Foyt were one-two, and the race was on: except for shake-ups after pit stops, they stayed one-two until Johncock retired.

Last year's winner, Johnny Rutherford, had started in 17th position. Because the Speedway had been resurfaced since his victory and had proved to be exceptionally "greasy" after several weeks of mid-summerlike temperatures, Rutherford had two plans in mind for the first lap. They had been filed in his brain under "hot" (he would go hard) and "other" (he would try to avoid an accident). Which plan he would use depended upon what the traffic around him did between the dropping of the green flag and Turn One. Rutherford was most anxious about the rookie to his left, Jerry Sneva, and the rookie in the row in front, Bobby Olivero, whose qualifying speeds had been about 10 mph slower than his. The middle of the sixth row, with wide-eyed rookies around, is not the sort of place a two-time winner likes to be at the beginning of the Indy 500.

Thanks to the exceptionally clean start, Rutherford put his hot plan into effect, but it went for naught. On the 13th lap, after he had charged into eighth place, his McLaren-Cosworth popped out of gear on the front straight, over-revved and blew. Rutherford pulled the car directly into Gasline Alley, parked it in front of his locked garage door, took off his helmet, gave out a loose-lipped ex-hale—half sigh, half Bronx cheer—and shrugged. He hadn't been in the race long enough to build up much disappointment. "It just jumped out of gear and tagged all the valves," was all he said.

Before the race Rutherford had not been overly pessimistic about the reliability of the Cosworth V-8 engine he is using this season for the first time, but he had admitted to certain apprehensions. Overlooking last year's rain shortened Indy 250, the only 500-mile race experience any Cosworth has had occurred last year, at Pocono and Ontario, under Al Unser. Unser won at Pocono, but at Ontario the engine lasted only 13 laps. Along with Unser and Rutherford, Tom Sneva and teammate Mario Andretti are also using Cosworths this year. Sneva had won a 200-mile race at Texas International Speedway, but at the Tren-

ton 200, the race before Indy, none of the Cosworths had finished. Given this spotty record no one was especially confident about the Formula I-based engine's durability.

"Testing is what success is all about," said Rutherford, "but you've got to race a car to really prove anything. No matter how satisfactory your tests may be, you never have complete confidence until the car has been proved in a race."

Rutherford had been plagued by cracked exhaust pipes during practice for the 500, a weakness that was to knock out Andretti. But the other two Cosworths, driven by pole-sitter Sneva and Unser, the third-fastest qualifier, finished a strong second and third, Sneva 28 seconds behind Foyt and Unser out of fuel and a lap down.

Sneva may have lost the race in the pits, where he spent 48 more seconds than Foyt, largely because of two unscheduled stops—one when he flat-spotted the tires by sliding in for a fuel stop with locked brakes, the other when a refiller malfunction caused less than a full tank of fuel to be added. Sneva's crew, composed mostly of Englishmen who had worked on Roger Penske's Formula 1 team last year, also was a few seconds slower per stop than Foyt's. After the race Penske sat down and had a beer with the crew in the garage. "I'd rather have you guys take five more seconds on a stop than have a driver go out there and have a wheel drop off," he told them.

Another piece of machinery that had its first big test at the 500 was Dan Gurney's new Eagle driven by Pancho Carter. Gurney believes the Indy 500 is as much a race of strategy as speed, and his new car reflects this belief. It is a strategic machine. In 1977, and in the future, Gurney feels strategy means fuel economy. Indy cars must make 1.8 miles per gallon, a simple rule to enforce as each car is allotted 280 gallons of fuel. That rule creates some fascinating possibilities. Fuel mileage is a direct function of speed, speed is a direct function of turbocharger boost and turbocharger boost is unrestricted—and adjustable—during the race. (An 80-inch restriction applies to qualifying.) So the object is to run as much boost as fuel allows, a perfectly executed race would have the car using its last drop of fuel as it crosses the finish line.

But it's not that simple; caution laps provide a variable. If there are a lot of

laps run under the caution flag—there were 25 this year—the mileage is better than 1.8, so drivers can increase the boost during the latter part of the race. And risk blowing an engine. The teams that gamble—set a fast pace early, expecting caution laps—might find themselves short of fuel at the finish.

Gurney's Eagle is about five inches narrower than the average Indy car, which gives it less wind resistance, thus better fuel mileage. It is not designed to be the absolute fastest car, but the fastest at 1.8 mpg. Gurney's object is to "run them out of fuel."

"This car is a departure we can't turn back from," says Gurney. "Everything we've programmed the car to do was on the line in this race."

But nothing much was proved. Because of two flat tires and a faulty radio that made communication between Gurney and Carter impossible, the Eagle never flew any higher than sixth place; on lap 157 it blew its Offy engine.

Carter's was the lone new Eagle, but there were six of the new Lightnings, a very conspicuous one being Janet Guthrie's. Unfortunately, the first woman to qualify for the race spent most of the afternoon sitting in a puddle of methanol in the bucket seat of her Lightning, which was in the pits. She was in and out of the pits continuously, and was officially credited with a total of 27 laps.

Before the race Guthrie had met with Speedway owner Tony Hulman to discuss how he should modify the heretofore traditional "Gentlemen, start your engines." Guthrie preferred "Gentle-folks." "It's a perfectly good 400-year-old word," she said "Shakespeare used it." Hulman ultimately settled on, "In company with the first lady ever to qualify at Indianapolis, Gentlemen, start your engines."

Although the semantic contretemps was settled for 1977 right at the start, it was not until the race had gone past the 450-mile mark that any resolution to the Johncock-Foyt duel seemed imminent. For a while it had looked as if one might be forthcoming at around 400 miles. At that point, Johncock was leading Foyt by about three seconds when Foyt pitted for right-side tires and fuel. One lap later a yellow light came on, the perfect opportunity for Johncock to pit and not lose ground to Foyt. But, to his crew's amazement, Johncock stayed on the track, even though he was due for fuel.



Fastest qualifier Tom Sneva was quick on the track but not in the pits and he finished second

The green light came back on just as Johncock passed the pits. Pat Patrick, owner of Johncock's Wildcat, was furious. "I give up!" he shouted. "I told him to stop this lap! He's got to drive to orders. I don't care who he is!"

But three laps later, on lap 163, the yellow came on again, it was a second chance. "Get him in! Get him in!" screamed Patrick. "In, Gordy, in!" he shouted to Johncock over the radio.

Johncock pitted, fueled, changed his right rear tire and came out of the pits with a 38-second lead over Foyt. In two laps, Foyt regained several seconds under the yellow, which is not unprecedented. (In fact, Foyt had claimed Rutherford won the race last year by gaining ground on him under the yellow.)

When the green came back on, Foyt began pushing Johncock to 190-mph laps. Foyt was 6.8 seconds back as they approached 450 miles and what would be another series of hectic pit stops for both leaders. Then, with just 15 laps remaining, a puff of blue smoke on the front straight signaled the end of Johncock's race. "No!" shouted a member of the Patrick team in agony and disbelief as he stood on the wall watching the bright

red car coast to a stop in Turn One. The crewmen began shaking their heads, especially George Bignotti, who had been Foyt's crew chief for six years. His only consolation was that the other two Patrick drivers, Wally Dallenbach and Johnny Parsons, finished fourth and fifth.

Foyt had made history in another, less obvious way during the month at Indianapolis, he was relaxed. After 10 years of trying to win his fourth Indy on sheer intensity, he decided to ease off and he low key this year.

"I made up my mind I wasn't going to get keyed up," he said. "I just wasn't going to let the race bother me the way it has the last 20 years," which is how long Foyt has been racing at Indy.

Before the race there had been rumors from supposedly reliable sources that win, lose or draw, Foyt would retire. But one does not ask A. J. Foyt if he plans to retire. One finds another way to ask the question. Now that he had reached the capstone of his career, he was asked, did he plan to try for victory No. 5?

A.J.'s eyes lit up, and in his best low-key manner, he replied, "Why not?" Maybe the good Lord will want A.J. to win next year, too.

END

Indy's first woman driver, Janet Guthrie, was a center of attention even during endless pit stops



THE BIRD FLAPS AGAIN AND DOESN'T FLOP

In his first 1977 appearance, Detroit's Mark Fidrych drew 44,207 fans. Although he lost, he showed he's still baseball's most winsome player **by Peter Gammone**

At 8:06 last Friday night, Detroit's 1977 baseball season began—51 days late. It was a different kind of season from the one that had opened seven weeks before in the 23 other major league cities. No owners, managers or players were bickering with each other or getting on the media for publicizing the wrangling. No one could be heard complaining about contracts or short-circuited hair dryers. Instead, 44,207 people stood in misty old Tiger Stadium and roared, because the Bird—Mark Steven Fidrych—was, at last, on the mound. “Two things keep this city alive,” said Nancy Saczukowski, a Detroit secretary. “The automobile industry and the Bird.” And what's good for Detroit is good for baseball. After the sport's grumpiest start ever, the Bird had made the business a game again.

When the opener was over at 10:45, it did not seem to matter that Fidrych and the Tigers had lost 2-1 to the expansion Seattle Mariners. No one cared that traffic was jammed from Kaline Drive to the Windsor, Ont. tunnel. The Bird had flapped his arms and landscaped his mound, thrown a baseball to kids in the stands and a wad of bubble gum at the Seattle player scoring the winning run. And all the while, the fans, two of whom were dressed in Sesame Street costumes, had chanted, “Go, Bird, go!”

Almost unnoticed amid the hoopla was the fact that Fidrych had proved in his first appearance that the knee he had injured in spring training was sound, that he was the same guy who in four months last year had rocketed from a spring training nobody to baseball's Elton John. He had pitched nine strong innings. The two Manner runs were the result of a dropped fly ball, a bloop double and an error. “I feel like I let the people down by losing,” said Fidrych. “But, boy, I'm happy to be back. It felt fine, so fine. When I started warming up and heard all those cheers, I felt tingly and got half-tears in my eyes. Lemme tell you, I felt good.”

But from March 21, when he sore car-

tilage in his left knee shagging flies in Lakeland, Fla., until last Friday, the Bird had not always felt good. On March 31 he was rushed back to Detroit for an operation. During the next two weeks, except for daily visits to the hospital, he could do nothing but sit around his apartment. “I was going nuts,” Fidrych says. “Everything I do revolves around playing baseball.” In mid-April he started jogging. “By then I'd learned to kill time better,” says the Bird. “I started riding my two motorcycles. When I'm on them, I just think of happiness.” By the end of April he was throwing batting practice. “He's so young and eager,” says Tiger Manager Ralph Houk, “but we wanted to bring him back slowly, so that the first time he started, he'd be ready to go nine.”

On May 11, in front of nine cops, 16 Minnesota Twins and 29 members of the concessions and ground crews, the Bird pitched a mock game against a batting order consisting of Tiger substitutes. On a trip two weeks ago—during which he almost gave Houk a heart attack by trying to lift a car that had gotten its bumper locked with the Tigers' bus in Dallas—Fidrych pitched an exhibition game

in Cincinnati. He allowed four hits and a run in seven innings. He was, at last, pronounced ready.

By that time, the Bird had become itchy and testy. “He kept telling me he was ready,” says Houk. “I sure wanted to pitch,” says Fidrych, “but it's probably good the doctors didn't listen to what came out of my head.” He had shouted at a reporter in Texas and had demanded in Cincinnati that no one mention his knee again. And it did not help that the Bird's return, which, it had been speculated, would occur during the middle of last week, was finally scheduled for Friday. There were two good reasons for that: first, he would not have to face California's Nolan Ryan or Frank Tanana, Detroit's opponents on Tuesday and Wednesday, and, second, Friday night crowds in Detroit are twice as big as those on mid-week evenings. The Tigers could be excused for making the shift, though some local reporters accused the club of “exploitation.” Because six of Fidrych's 10 missed starts would have been at home, the Detroit front office figures his sore knee cost nearly \$500,000 in gate receipts.

So, instead of pitching, the Bird fluttered around. He took hitting practice on Wednesday with a bat that is 50" long and weighs 60 ounces. “I asked the Louisville Slugger people for the biggest bat they make,” said Fidrych. “Why not?” After a while, he went inside and sat in front of his locker, where he was immediately surrounded by reporters.

“I've got to be different this year,”

Fidrych did a minimum of gardening but a maximum of pitching, holding Seattle to two runs, eight hits





The frenetic Bird took wing during the anthem

Fidrych told them "I can't go on the way I did last year, letting anyone take advantage of me. I'm going to charge \$100 for interviews, with the money going to cerebral palsy, the March of Dimes or some kids who need it. I hope it keeps people from interviewing me, because I can't come to the park without being interviewed. I can't be like anyone else. And the things people write. My mother's always calling me "Fidrych—and his mom—were particularly upset by a *Rolling Stone* article detailing his sex life.

On Friday the Bird managed to be by himself most of the time. He rode one of his Kawasaki 175s through the woods and later cleaned his other bike in preparation for turning it over to a new owner. Then he drove his Thunderbird through the lines of teenage girls in their tight BIRD IS THE WORD shirts and into the Tiger Stadium parking lot. At 4:02, dressed in jeans and green sneakers and a UNIVERSITY OF POLAND T shirt, he passed the concession stand outside the club-

house, squawking unintelligibly, and walked up to groundskeeper Frank Feneck. "Don't you ever change your shirt?" said Fidrych, jabbing his finger into Feneck's chest. When Feneck looked down, the Bird flicked his fingers up to tweak the groundskeeper's chin and went into the clubhouse howling.

It was an hour earlier than Fidrych normally arrives when he is pitching. The night was special: Denny McLain's return on July 1, 1970 after a half-season's suspension drew more people, 53,863. "But this is different," said Jimmy Conte at the souvenir stand. "We didn't have Denny McLain buttons." On Friday, Conte had plenty of Bird buttons, not to mention Bird posters and copies of a 45-rpm record by a group called the Fowls. One side is *The Bird Is the Word*, the other is *Chirp Me Out to the Ball Game*.

Fidrych killed the four hours before the game by pacing around the clubhouse and talking to any teammate who happened by. Three times he went out to the dugout, and each time the Bird bolted back inside after a reporter asked him a question. Fidrych tried to take a nap. It lasted five minutes. Finally, at 7:45, to the first of the many standing ovations he received during the evening, he walked down the left-field line to warm up. Twenty-one minutes later, after tossing the warm-up ball into the stands, as is his habit, he ran to the mound. With four helicopters bearing Bird greetings and advertisements circling the park, he threw his first pitch.

That pitch was bunted down the third-base line by Mariner DH Dave Collins. Base hit. The second pitch was looped by Steve Braun into left. Another hit. "Some funny things started running into my head," the Bird said later. "But I got them straightened out." With No. 3 batter Ruppert Jones at the plate, Fidrych asked his first favor of the ball. Jones fluted out. Thereafter the Bird settled down and, thanks to some excellent fielding and a Tom Verzyer homer, he went into the fifth ahead 1-0.

But in that inning, with a Seattle runner on first and one out, Centerfielder Ron LeFlore dropped a fly hit by Larry Milbourne; it went for a double. An ensuing sacrifice fly made the score 1-1. In the sixth, former Tiger Danny Meyer blooped a two-out double inside the left-field line, and when a grounder by Bill Stein bad-hopped off Second Baseman Tito Fuentes' glove, Meyer raced around

to score. As Meyer crossed the plate, the Bird tossed his bubble gum in his direction. The Tigers failed to score in the last six innings and finished with only three hits.

The Bird did not talk to the ball or circle the mound or landscape the area around the rubber or flap his wings as much as usual. However, in the ninth, when he felt a twinge in his throwing arm, he waved his right arm, then flapped them both. On the final out of the top of the ninth, Fidrych jumped up and down and raced over to Verzyer. But this had been one of his tamer performances. And it was a very good one. The Bird pitched a complete game, allowing only eight hits, one earned run and one walk.

When the game was over and the reporters were encircling him, Fidrych got in the first question. "What was the attendance?" he asked. When given the figure, he borrowed a pen, wrote it down and tacked it over his locker.

"I felt so strong," he said. "If it had gone extra innings, there was no way I wasn't going to finish." In the visitors' clubhouse Seattle Manager Darrell Johnson marveled at the Bird's first outing. "Because of all he does, people sometimes forget what a great pitcher he is," he said.

Thus, on May 27, 1977 Fidrych was 0-1. On May 27, 1976 he had had two starts and was 1-1. He went on to finish with a 19-9 record and the best earned-run average in baseball, 2.34. "Pitching-wise," he said after the Seattle game, "I'm the same." Then he bolted out of his chair. "I'm going home, drink beer and beat on my pillow," he yelled. He paced across the clubhouse, returning a minute later with a beer in hand. "Last year I won my first start 2-1. That's the life."

"It's been a good day for me, but it's been a sad one, too." The Bird rambled on as his audience thinned to a handful of reporters. "I let down these people who drove two hours. And I'm upset that today was my last motorcycle ride. My man [Tiger General Manager Jim Campbell] says I've got to sell both my bikes, so I'll have to buy a junk car and rebuild it. It was O.K. for Mickey Lolich and Mickey Stanley to have bikes, but they're Lolich and Stanley and I'm Fidrych, I'm a different thing. I don't know if I understand all this. I can finally afford a motorcycle, and now I can't have one."

With that, the Bird got up and walked out the clubhouse door.

THERE'S NO PLACE LIKE HOME COURT

The Blazers did nothing right in losing the first two NBA championship games to the 76ers in Philly, but they could do no wrong in Portland by Curry Kirkpatrick

As the NBA championship finals hobbled and weaved their way along last week, it was fairly obvious that neither opponent, in the words of the eminent Mr. Rocky Balboa, was "just another bum from the neighborhood." At least not in its own neighborhood.

While the Philadelphia 76ers discovered how to run a playoff offense (somebody get the ball to Julius Erving or Doug Collins and everybody else take a cab to south Jersey), the Portland Trail Blazers learned how to survive back in Oregon by pretending the Doctor was only human and that they belonged in the same ring—uh, court—after all.

"We seem to get energy and sustenance from the response at home," Portland Coach Jack Ramsay said Sunday afternoon after his Blazers had stuffed the 76ers' 2-0 series lead back in their faces, in a 129-107 blowout. "The floor is made the same as Philly's. What is it?"

Perhaps it was Bill Walton, who finally discovered his passing lanes unclogged and joyfully passed off for nine assists to go along with his 20 points and 18 rebounds. Or Guards Lionel Hollins and Johnny Davis, who made negligible contributions during the two 76er victories but who combined for 33 points in Game Three. Or Dave Twardzik and Lloyd Neal, who came off the bench to lead Portland's 42-point fourth-quarter fireworks.

Despite Erving's face-saving 28 points, Philadelphia appeared as lost and shaken—yes, as mismatched—as Portland had been earlier. "The Sixers just can't win here," said Portland's Bob Gross. Which, of course, had gone double for the Blazers in Philadelphia.

By outplaying the Trail Blazers in the psychological preliminaries so crucial to an NBA final, the 76ers took what seemed an insurmountable lead even before the series started. First there was the injury list, which started with Lloyd Free (partially collapsed lung, bruised rib), continued to George McGinnis (groin pull) and Steve Mix (bad ankle) and peaked with mysterious blurred vision in the right eye of Darryl Dawkins, who said he woke up one morning "all set to say 'Oh what a beautiful morning,' and I find I can't see."

To those who believe Dawkins' only responsibility is to get the colors on the uniforms right as he takes names and blasts bodies, this appeared to be (and subsequently was) as serious a threat to the health and welfare of his own teammates as it was to the enemy. Nevertheless, the specter of a partially blinded Dawkins roaming unchained must have given the Trail Blazers pause.

There was also the matter of Philadelphia Coach Gene Shue's closed practices. Everybody knew the series would be one of contrasts: Blazer calculation vs. 76er creativity; Portland discipline vs. Philly anarchy. Nowhere was this more evident than in the teams' practices, which, in style and substance, resembled, respectively, a recital by Horowitz and a picnic with Duffy Duck.

When Shue closed his picnic to outsiders, the public was spared such basic workout scenes as George McGinnis sneaking cigarettes and playing with Erving's children, Dawkins supine reading a newspaper, and assorted 76ers feigning boxing matches, twirling balls on fingertips and heaving mindless shots and passes as they non-listened to Shue.

These were our future NBA champions? Well, probably. As Shue conceded, "We have the best of one world—the playground."

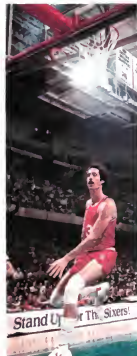
What the coach was plotting put the lie to the theory that Shue is as prominent an airhead as his team's performances sometimes indicate. By the simple inversion of the 76er offense—"6' 11" Center Caldwell Jones bringing the ball upcourt while the team's guards scatter and hide—Shue planned to diffuse the Portland press, force Walton to defend away from the basket and take pressure off his own backcourt men, Collins and Henry Bibby.

After this happened exactly as planned in the first game, after the 76ers had won 107-101 with Bibby derailing Portland's Hollins on defense and with Collins (30 points) lighting up Hollins like a pinball machine at the other end, Shue was proclaimed a genius and the hot-dogging

Jones considered the very model of a cross between Oscar Robertson and Oscar Mayer.

In truth, the only surprise was how confused the normally smart and poised Trail Blazers seemed to be in the face of a strategy that originated somewhere back in kindergarten ball. Not only did Hollins and the swift Davis have trouble finding somebody to guard, but they also managed to take themselves out of the Portland offense, scoring only five baskets, and being responsible for most of the 34 Trail Blazer turnovers.

That would have been enough to guarantee a 76er victory. For good measure.



Erving danced and pranced, beginning his first NBA championship round with a flying dunk off the opening jump ball and finishing with 33 points, including four other slams and a few layups.

The presence of Walton and his new GI John Singlaub haircut was supposed to be an effective deterrent to Erving's sky-diving forays, but Dr. J was not impressed. "I'll challenge anybody. Either go over him or trick him," said Erving. "It's one thing to respect a man, but I'm not going to overrespect him."

Actually, Walton played more than respectably—28 points and 20 rebounds—but afterward he sat silently, only mumbling his objections to Brent Musburger's repetitious use of the nickname "Mountain Man" on CBS-TV.

"Big guy, big guy, big guy," Musburger kept saying, his arm around Walton. "It's O.K. I didn't mean it, big guy."

"I heard the tapes," said Big Guy. "I'm sensitive."

PHOTOGRAPH BY JAMES DRAKE



In Game Two, a 107-89 Philadelphia romp, Walton seemed not so much mountainous as out to lunch. Apparently confused as the 76ers alternated Jones and Dawkins, Walton was outscored 18-17 and outrebounded 19-16 by the two centers.

Along with Maurice Lucas, Walton also failed to score in the crucial second quarter when the 76ers—those same wealthy, spoiled, egocentric, selfish monsters who are not supposed to know how to spell t-e-a-m—ran and shot and passed and juked and jived like long-lost blood brothers to 14 points in 3½ minutes for a 61-43 halftime lead.

The play that may have broken Portland's back—and almost Walton's—occurred when Dawkins confronted the Blazer center high above the basket, blocked and then grabbed his shot in midair, landed and rumbled upcourt like a Concorde avenging its way over the backyards of Queens.

This impetuous explosion by Dawkins and the 76ers was almost spectacular enough to blot from memory the ugliness of what happened with 4:52 left in the game. By that time the frustrated Trail Blazers were behind by 20 points. Neal and McGinnis had nearly come to punches. Lucas and Erving were engaged in a wicked elbow-swinging duel. Then it happened.

As Dawkins and Gross came crashing down with a rebound, Dawkins dribbled Gross' arm and head on the floor. When the 6' 11", 260-pound Dawkins ripped the ball away, Gross pointed at him and, according to Dawkins, shouted, "What the [obscenity] are you doing, you [obscenity]? I'll kick your [obscenity] obscenity!"

Such a statement immediately qualified the 6' 6", 200-pound Gross for a padded cell in an asylum for the hopelessly suicidal. "Here's your chance, suckah!" Dawkins screamed before charging and throwing a wild, looping left cross that connected just above the right eye—not of Gross but of Collins, who was holding Gross, trying to save his life.

As Dawkins backpedaled a bit, Lucas roared up from behind and punched him in the back of the neck. Dawkins lost his balance, but he was quickly up and squar-

ing off with Lucas as both benches emptied and players and spectators flooded the court.

Before order was restored, Portland Coaches Ramsay and Jack McKinney had duked it up with some fans. Ramsay had yelled at Dawkins' face and been hurled away, and Lucas and Dawkins had been ejected (later to be fined \$2,500 apiece by Commissioner Larry O'Brien).

When the 76ers arrived in their locker room, they found a toilet stall caved in, two floor-to-ceiling lockers turned over and a huge fan broken and smoking—"like a hurricane had hit a junkyard," said McGinnis—all courtesy of Dawkins. As the 20-year-old manchild—resplendent in a fedora and a Great Gatsby-era vanilla suit, with a red carnation in his lapel—stalked out, rudely shoving aside 76er GM Pat Williams, he said, "I'm mad at my teammates for letting a man jump me from behind."

Collins received four stitches. Gross said he wouldn't forget. Shoe apologized to Gross and labeled Dawkins "just a kid." Ramsay said he wasn't afraid of anybody. And Lucas, dressed only in a towel, which he had wrapped about his head in a somehow terrifying turban, said, "I'm too professional to let this carry over. But this dude gets built up like a gorilla, then thinks he can gorilla everybody. I'll see Dawkins Sunday."

Retorted Dawkins, "I didn't know I hit Collins until he called me at 3 a.m. I don't remember what I did to the locker room. Lucas is a fighter but I can box. My uncle, Candy McDaniels, fought Joe Louis. He taught me I usually stand 'em up with a left and take 'em out with a right."

But before Sunday's game, Lucas went directly to the Philadelphia bench to shake hands with Dawkins. ("I thought he was going to hit him again," said Twardzik.)

Those pleasantries over, Lucas drilled in 27 points and took down 12 rebounds, a performance that earned him a well-deserved rest in the final period when Walton converted lob passes from Gross and Twardzik into spectacular baskets that tore out what remained of the 76er hearts.

"I don't think I'm any swifter or stronger out here," Walton said. "I just like to play. I don't care where it is."

However, on the whole the Blazers would rather not be in Philadelphia. **END**

On both coasts, Dr. J scored and scored. Gross (left) was outscored by this crew in Game Two.

THE ONLY WAY TO GO IS UP

George Willig's daring ascent of New York's 110-story World Trade Center was as much an affirmation as it was a unique feat of climbing

by Sam Moses

Early last Thursday morning, with the sun rising behind him and reflecting brilliantly on the 1,350-foot-high white aluminum monolith before him, George Willig began climbing the 110 stories of the South Tower of New York City's World Trade Center. Only one skyscraper in the world is higher, the 1,454-foot Sears building in Chicago. After Willig was about 25 feet up, he cast off an all-weather parka he had been wearing to conceal the climbing equipment he carried on a sling over one shoulder. The parka floated down like a parachute, into the hands of Jerry Hewitt, who, along with George's 22-year-old brother Steve, had seen the climber off.

Security guards spotted George from the building's plaza. "I saw one, two, a few more, then all of a sudden there was a whole bunch of cops, maybe 20," said Steve. "They started yelling at George, calling him crazy, telling him he was going to kill himself."

"Hey! Crazy man! Get down here right now!" shouted one of the guards. Willig heard him, stopped climbing for a moment, leaned back in his harness and looked down. His reply floated to the ground as his parka had moments earlier. "I'm not coming down," George yelled. "There's



only one way to go, and that's up."

It was a reply that can be taken both literally and metaphorically. By now most of the country has been lifted by Willig's accomplishment. On a day off from work for "personal business," Willig successfully scaled the northeast corner of the South Tower, solo, no ropes or belay to aid or protect him, relying entirely on a climbing device he had fabricated himself, designed specifically to fit into the aluminum channels that run up the sides of the building and hold window washers' scaffolds in place. To Willig the climb was a personal challenge met and satisfied, a mountain conquered: no more. But it was more, more than a feat, more than a stunt. It was a triumph of human spirit.

The night before the climb Willig had slept fitfully, even awakened twice in a sweat. At 5 a.m., after a breakfast of steak and eggs and water, he left his apartment in Queens, climbed into Hewitt's pickup truck, and together they drove to George's parents' house, where they picked up Steve. They arrived at the World Trade Center at 6:20, and minutes later George was strapping on his climbing harness in the plaza between the twin towers. As he prepared to hitch himself into the runners, a maintenance man walked by. George smiled nonchalantly and said, "Hi, how ya doin'?" trying to divert attention from the rope dangling out of the back of his parka like an untucked undershirt. The maintenance man smiled and said hello right back.

Willig had been planning the climb for more than a year. On four previous occasions, all late at night, he had slipped into the plaza and tested his homemade

climbing device—a variation of a standard climbing aid called an ascendeur.

Once he actually climbed a few feet up the side of the building and was caught in the act by a security guard. He talked his way out of trouble by claiming to be an architectural engineering student testing a safety device for window washers. Willig's ascendeurs fitted precisely into the channel; connected to them were nylon slings, resembling stirrups, into which he slid his feet. When there was no weight on the ascendeurs, Willig could slide them freely up the runner. As he put his weight on one foot, the ascendeur expanded and gripped firmly into the runner by friction. Willig would lift one foot, bending his knee, slide the ascendeur up as high as his arm could reach, put the weight back on the foot and create a solid step up; then he would repeat the maneuver with the other foot. "It was like climbing a rope ladder," he says. "ex-

continued



By dawn's early light, Willig inserts "ascendeur" in channel used by window washers' gondola and begins to climb

cept my hands and feet were moving together."

Willig wore a chest harness attached to a seat harness, which provided stability and the freedom to dangle his arms and legs whenever he needed to rest. In his backpack he carried two complete backup systems: one a duplicate of the ascenders he was using, the other of an earlier design. He also carried a bolt-on device to secure himself to a runner in case of emergency. "I did some calculations and figured my ascenders would stand a minimum of 1,500 pounds without breaking," he says, "but I just wanted to be ready."

None of these devices so much as scratched the surface of the building; in fact, Willig straightened some bent run-

ners along the way by gently tapping them with a spare ascendeur he toted in his backpack.

Willig, 27, creates toys for the Ideal Toy Co.; before that, he designed surgical instruments for the Ark Research Co. He built his ascenders in the machine shop at Ark and refined them at Ideal after working hours. "The biggest challenge came from designing the ascenders," he says. "The climb itself was not particularly difficult, rock climbing is a lot more scary because it's so problematical and precarious. I had solid footing all the way up the building, and my route was predetermined, so I had no decisions to make. That's what's so difficult about rock climbing. When those challenges are gone, a climb is easy."

"Things worked really smooth from the moment he started," said Steve (who was married three days after the climb). "George was stepping right up the side of the building. But then the cops came and they took me and Jerry and Randy [George's girl friend Randy Zeidberg, 24, who had arrived moments after the ascent began] down to the Port Authority Police Station in the basement of the building." A couple of minutes later they brought down Ron Digiovanni, a friend of Willig's, who had ballooned over Manhattan last December. Digiovanni had arrived in the plaza when Willig was on the third story and had shouted, "Go, George, go!" For that he was apprehended as an accomplice.

"The Port Authority cops were run-

continued

PARTICIPANT ON THE SIDELINE

George Willig would have preferred having a partner climb the World Trade Center with him, and during his year of planning he had asked several people, separately, to go along: one of his best friends, Jerry Hewitt, a neophyte stuntman, frequent rock-climbing partner and companion of 10 years, his 22-year-old brother Steve, with whom he had begun rock climbing four years earlier, and his girl friend Randy Zeidberg, also an accomplished climber. They all were intrigued, and they all seriously considered going along with George, but for different and personal reasons, all three eventually declined. George also asked me, and I, too, declined. But as I write this, the morning after the climb, there is very little in my life I wouldn't give to have followed George over the top of the World Trade Center.

There were two reasons I refused. First, I wasn't ready to go to jail. I couldn't commit myself that deeply. George could make that heavy commitment, and he did. He didn't actually believe he would end up in jail, at least not for long, but he considered it as a possibility, and he accepted it. For him, a jail sentence would not have been too high a price to pay in his pursuit of personal satisfaction.

Second, my inexperience would have prevented me from having the kind of confidence George had on the face of the building. It's one thing for a person to get into something over his own head, but climbing with a partner is an unbreakable bargain, if one man is on over his head, he drags the other down. I was afraid that if George, climbing above me as he would have been, got in some kind of trouble, I wouldn't have been able to help him. Conversely, my getting into trouble,

which would have been a lot more likely, did not worry me. I had little fear that George would not be able to help me. The first fall I ever took while rock climbing occurred as George belayed me from a ledge. I had been stretching for a thumbtack-sized rock nub, and as my foot suddenly slipped, I knew I was going down. I fell no more than 15 feet before I reached the end of the rope with a jerk and, suspended, began to swing and bounce lightly against the face of the cliff. I remember feeling helpless for a split second, but before I had fallen very far I had relaxed, for I knew that everything would be all right. George knows what he's doing.

There is another reason—my strongest consolation at this moment—why I didn't make the climb, but it comes to me after the fact, as I dig at the demons hiding under the inexorable, haunting "If I didn't belong up there with George. My motive for climbing the World Trade Center would not have been on George's level. His reason was pure, what climbing is meant to be. George would have gone up that building if it had been in a ghost town instead of in the heart of New York City. He would have climbed the World Trade Center even if there had been no crowds to watch him, no supporters to cheer him on, no one to ever know about the accomplishment but himself. I wouldn't have.

George and I have made a number of climbs together. I have watched with awe as he slid over rocks with what seemed to me like no effort whatsoever, the way a trickle of water flows over stones. And in a way he, too, was seeking his own level, but doing so by going in the opposite direction. I remember watching George scale a horizontal over-

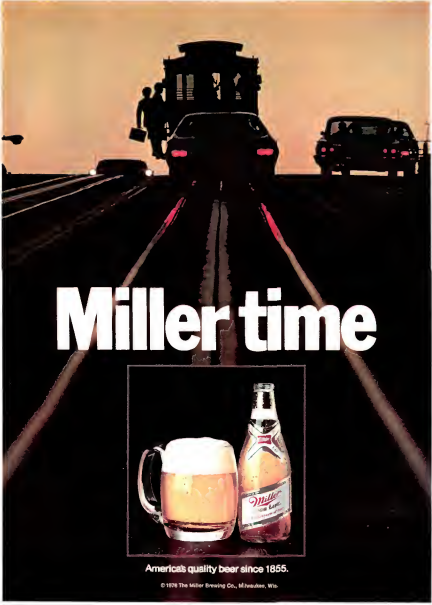
hang of about six feet—he really did look like a human fly, as the New York Daily News called him, as he stretched one arm from the face of the cliff to the lip of the overhang, hung by his fingertips a hundred or more feet over the ground, then slowly, smoothly, gracefully pulled himself over the top.

From the beginning he was a natural climber. One week after he and Steve took lessons from a free-lance rock-climbing guide, George was leading Steve on a difficult climb, in the rain. Within six months he had made an ascent no one else ever had, a climb rated 5.10, one of the highest degrees of difficulty. Last summer, just days after he got his B.S. in Environmental Studies from St. John's University in New York, he went on a climbing trip in the High Sierras and Yosemite, where he climbed the west face of Rixon's pinnacle. Later that summer I climbed in Yosemite, but it was a disappointment not to have been there to climb with George.

I knew George would climb the World Trade Center. Late one muggy night last summer, after he and I and another friend had eaten dinner, we drove over to the World Trade Center in George's Volkswagen station wagon. We dodged security guards as George examined the window-washer runners. I knew then, as George stared at the building, that he would climb it and I would not.

But I didn't know the exact date he would go for it. I awoke Thursday morning in a motel room in Indianapolis, where I was covering Sunday's Indy 500, turned on the Today show, and like millions of other people, saw George, aspeck on the edge of the second-tallest building in the world. At that time Today host Tom Brokaw didn't know who the climber was, or what he was doing there, but I knew it was George—and that he would make it to the top.

—SAM MOSES



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ning around like chickens with no heads. Not one of them knew what to do," said Steve. "Then this guy came in and said, 'You're all under arrest,' and they had us fill out this stack of forms. Then they fingerprinted us three times each—once for the city, once for the state, and once for the FBI. After that they handcuffed Jerry and Ron to a safe, and Randy and I were handcuffed to a chair. Pretty soon they deduced I was George's brother, and they asked me, 'Is George sane? Is he doing this for any political purposes? Is he going to wave signs or something? Is he doing it for a commercial reason?' I told them he was doing it for his own satisfaction, no other reason, and that he was as sane as I was, which I think confused them."

"So we were sitting there chained together, kind of having a good time, but frustrated because we couldn't watch George—they didn't unchain us until after George made it—and someone came in and said George was at the 25th floor. We knew then they'd never get him."

By this time huge crowds had gathered in the plaza and surrounding streets, network television coverage had alerted the country and helicopters with cameramen on board were swarming around the building. At that point the police, too, could see George knew what he was doing. "Some of them were still being hard-nosed," says Steve, "and saying he was crazy, but one of them said, 'This guy's a genius; he's got the whole thing figured out down to the slightest detail.'"

The only hitch in Willig's climb came when he reached the 60th floor. At that point a scaffold, which had been lowered from the top down the adjoining face of the tower, met him. On it were two policemen, one from the Port Authority, the other a New York City officer trained in suicide-rescue operations. Willig was afraid they were going to rescue him against his will.

"They were coming down my way," he said later, "so I decided I'd swing over to the next channel to be out of reach." He partially uncoupled the 120-foot nylon climbing rope that he carried over his shoulder for exactly this sort of eventuality, attached it to an ascendeur, removed the two foot slings from the ascendeurs in the channel, and performed a maneuver known in climbing as a pendulum. That is, he swung out and away from the building, suspended only by the rope, to another run-

ner, where he was out of reach of the policemen. As he swung, his shadow suddenly dropped down the side of the building and the crowd below let out a collective gasp, thinking the shadow was his falling body.

"I hooked myself in this other channel away from them," said Willig, "and I started climbing up it until they shouted to me that they really weren't there to pull me off. They told me if I was tired, I could swing over to them and get on the scaffold, but if I wanted to keep going, I could. I told them I wasn't tired and that I felt much safer where I was. Then I took the stuff out of the second channel and swung back over to the original one."

"One of the cops said, 'What are you crazy?' But when I assured him I knew what I was doing, he joked, 'We're going to have to stop meeting like this.' After that we had a lot of fun. We joked around, we talked, we looked at the sights, we commented on them—pretty plain conversation."

At 10:05 a.m., 3½ hours after he began, admittedly very excited by now, but not tired, Willig lifted himself over a ledge at the top and crawled, feet first, into an inspection hatch on the roof. He was none the worse for wear, except for blistered hands and insteps. He was greeted by policemen, who congratulated him, requested his autograph, then handcuffed him and served him with a summons for disorderly conduct, criminal trespass and scaling a building without a permit. In addition, it was announced that the city was going to sue Willig for \$250,000 for the trouble and expense he had put it to. The next day Willig met with Mayor Abraham Beame, who settled for a fine of \$1.10—a penny for each of the tower's 110 stories. In return, Willig readily agreed not to reveal the details of his climbing apparatus, to forestall imitators from attempting similar climbs.

Of course, Willig was asked why he did it. He responded with the expected answer, the classic and clichéd "Because it's there"—which at the time was the easiest way to reply to a simple question that in truth has such a complex answer. Another reply might have been what Louis Armstrong said when asked to define jazz: "If you don't know, I can't tell you."

Nonetheless, Thursday night, before he took his phone off the hook and went to bed at about 1 a.m., Willig tried again

to answer the question. "A couple of times during the year I planned this climb I thought, 'What the heck is in me that makes me want to do this?' I guess it's just a love of excitement and adventure, an appetite for action. Maybe it has a lot to do with averting my life, just to myself—feeling more alive."

"I did wonder, at times, if I should go through with it. But I never at all seriously considered not doing it, never from the first time I got the idea."

"George did what he dreamed of doing for a year," said his girl friend Randy. "He would get shivers and goosebumps every time he thought of it. He'd go down and just stare at the World Trade Center all the time." "When George says he's going to do something, it's almost a *fait accompli*," says Mrs. George Willig, the climber's mother, a remarkable woman in her own right. She has raised six children while working the last 13 years. Two months ago she became a grandmother and next January will receive her B.S. in accounting from St. John's. "George would mention the climb every now and then, but I had no idea he was working on it with such a single-minded purpose. He told me he was going to make the climb a couple of days before he did it, and I tried not to think of it too much."

Mrs. Willig never considered trying to talk George out of the attempt. "Knowing my son, knowing how much he likes to accept challenges and do things out of the ordinary, it would have been a waste of time," she said. "Besides, he's 27; he's not a child."

"This sounds like a contradiction, but as much as he likes to do dangerous things, he's very careful about them. People have asked me if he got hurt a lot as a child, but he hasn't had many accidents. It isn't what you do, it's how you do it, and George is a good example of that principle. I think his whole family is rather proud of him."

More than his family has taken pride in Willig. The country immediately adopted him as a folk hero, viewing his climb as an expression of its own yearnings and as a reaffirmation of the splendid challenges that, when successfully met, ennoble the human spirit.

All George Willig wanted to do was, to use a climber's expression, "go for it," which may be what life is all about. Along the way he scraped a raw nerve and the country twitched, but in admiration, not pain.

END

Judy Rankin has been playing golf in front of crowds since she was seven years old, but she has never quite gotten used to it. She is 32 now, and she has reached the top of the heap in the women's game, yet when she sinks a putt and the crowd around the green breaks into appreciative applause, her gesture of acknowledgment is usually a jerky little nod accompanied by a wan, slightly embarrassed smile.

Rankin is not a crowd pleaser. One does not have to watch her play golf long to realize how absurd it would be if she

were to punch the air with her fist or throw her arms toward the sky. Even a simple wave would be wrong.

"I appreciate people's good wishes and try to say thank you," she says quietly. "But I have to concentrate. That's the way I perform best. JoAnne Carner is loose and free-wheeling. She performs at her best that way. If people speak to me I always answer, but that's a one-on-one situation. It's just not natural for me to wave to a crowd."

Last year Judy Rankin won six tournaments and more than half again as

continued

WITH A GRIP ON GLORY AND HER GAME

Judy Rankin, who has held fast to the unorthodox golf lessons of her childhood, now tops her sport and is the most consistent pro—man or woman—competing

by SARAH PILEGGI



much money as any female golfer ever had. Her total earnings were \$150,734. The previous record, set by Carner in 1974, was \$87,094. Part of the huge difference can be explained by the 100% increase in LPGA purses in the last couple of years. But the rest was simply Rankin hitting her stride, reaching her potential after 14 years on the tour. She won tournaments last year every way imaginable—coming from behind in Palm Springs, leading all the way in Phoenix, scrambling in Cleveland and, in Miami, after taking a triple bogey. It was the first hole of the first tournament of the year, and her ball was buried so deep in a bunker that when she tried to blast out, the ball went straight up in the air, came down and hit her club, costing her another stroke.

This year began more auspiciously. In the first of the three Florida tournaments in February, she tied with Pam Higgins in Miami at the end of regulation play and then lost in a sudden-death playoff. The next week in St. Petersburg she won with a 54-hole score that was eight under par. And at the Bent Tree Classic in Sarasota she won again, shooting a 63 in the process.

With the tour only a month old, she had already earned \$27,900, won her 21st and 22nd tournaments, passed the half-million-dollar mark in career earnings—a milestone that only Kathy Whitworth had reached before her—

and shot the lowest round of her life.

"I said last year I felt I was playing as well as someone could or would play on this tour," she told a reporter after Sarasota. "I just didn't think anyone could finish first that often, because there are a lot of possible winners out here. But now, I don't know. Maybe I was wrong."

Golf, however, is a cyclical game, and three straight wins are almost as rare as 63s. Rankin's momentum slowed during the three-week break between Florida and California. And when she came back at the Kathryn Crosby-Honda Civic Classic—a 72-hole battle with the elements near San Diego—she finished 14th, and things gradually returned to normal. It should be noted, however, that normal for Rankin is very good. She has not missed the cut in a tour event since 1965. That is 280 tournaments.

Rankin has not yet won the LPGA Championship, but in 1976 she was second to Betty Burfeindt by only one stroke. She will try again next week when the tournament settles into its new home, the Bay Tree Golf Plantation in North Myrtle Beach, N.C., and now that her game has matured it seems only a matter of time until she succeeds.

The U.S. Open is a different story. She has been playing in it since she was 14 and has never won. She was low amateur at 15 and in 1972 she tied for second, but she has also missed the cut three times. Last year, in the midst of the best golf of her life, she tied for 17th.

The Open courses chosen by the USGA are almost always a startling change from the sort of course the LPGA usually plays. Although Rankin is stronger than she looks, she is still only 5'3" and 108 pounds, and she has always had trouble holding the firm Open greens. Until recently she was also a poor putter, and the Open greens are among the fastest and truest the women see.

Carner, who has won two Opens and five Amateurs on courses of the USGA's choosing, said not long ago, "As long as I've known Judy she could hit 16 of 18 greens every round. But she could never putt. She'd turn a round of 68 into a 72. But now Judy has all the shots, and that's very rare."

The Women's Open will be played this July at Hazeltine, in Chaska, Minn., the course that Dave Hill made infamous in 1970 when he said it should be given

back to the cows from whence it had come. The greens at Hazeltine will, no doubt, be as firm as ever, but now that Rankin is a putter, the odds on her winning the Open have improved slightly.

Judy is known best for playing admirable, if not breathtaking, golf. She is straight off the tee, reasonably long for her size, extraordinarily consistent and, most important, emotionally stable. She is a good wind player and she can concentrate just about anybody. She rarely has two bad rounds in a row.

The Bent Tree Classic, which she won with rounds of 63-77-69-209, demonstrated her powers of recovery, her level-headedness and several other facets of her character as well. The 63 was the second-lowest score for 18 holes ever recorded on the LPGA tour (Mickey Wright had a 62 at the Hogan Park Golf Club in Midland, Texas in 1964). The round consisted of nine pars, nine birdies and 24 putts. Rankin hit 14 greens in regulation, and of the four she missed, she putted in from the fringe on one and got up and down in two on the others. Only three of her birdie putts were longer than 10 feet. No one, male or female, had ever shot better than 66 on the same course.

Said Rankin, "Sometimes you get confident that every shot is going to be close to the hole and every putt at least has a chance of going in. It was one of those times."

Said Laura Baugh: "I know that course. I've shot 68 there, and I know of everything goes right, 66 is possible. But not 63. I can't believe she shot 63."

Said Yippy Rankin, Judy's husband, who on the day of the 63 was in a motel bed with the flu: "I've been walking around for nine years waiting to see that round and now I've missed it."

The next day Yippy was back on the course and Judy shot a 77. "I made him sick all over again," she said, grinning. "I was such a dummy today. I made a lot of bad decisions. I used the wrong club at least four times and started second-guessing myself. No doubt about it, I created a monster with that 63."

In the final round, after bogeying the 4th, 5th and 6th holes, she was two shots behind the leaders. "I had it in my mind that if I shot a 63 and then didn't win, I'd be a turkey," she said. So what she did was make five birdies in a stretch of



The 16-year-old cover that kept her career going

nine holes in a high wind and finish with a 69 to win.

Though she never really said it, she was obviously even prouder of the 69 than she was of the 63. After all, what can anyone say about a 63? But a 69 that follows a 77 is something worth talking about. "I was scared. I felt several people could beat me if I didn't play well the last day. A lot of times I win tournaments and I'm never worried about it. Here I was really worried."

"I'm nervous no matter how Judy plays," says Yippy, whose real name is Walter Snyder Rankin. Yippy is 6' 2", weighs 220 pounds and looks like a college football player, which he was at Texas Tech in the early '60s. He was raised in Midland, where he and Judy now live, and he has a friendly regional drawl. It has been noted that Yippy looks something like a yellow-haired George Blanda. He does, if you also mix in a bit of basset hound. He walks every hole of every round Judy plays and suffers a great deal on her behalf. All the emotion that she carefully hides is fully and openly displayed on his countenance. Unfortunately, his sufferings are sometimes misunderstood. At a tournament earlier this year Yippy watched as Judy examined her lie in a bunker in front of a green. She studied the ball, which was about 18 inches below the lip, for a long time. Eventually, Yippy realized she was going to try a chip shot instead of blasting out, and he began to mutter nervously to no one in particular.

"This is a shot she doesn't hit often.... You can't tell what might happen.... I don't like it...."

Sure enough, the chip, though it made the putting surface, ended up far to the left of the pin, and Judy two-putted from there for a bogey.

Yippy stomped from the green on his way to the next tee, shaking his head and muttering angrily. "I have no idea why she did that.... Dumb!" A middle-aged lady who had been standing next to him glared at his back. "What kind of brute," her look said, "would talk that way to his cute, nice wife when she obviously is doing the best she can?"

"He's good for my spirits, somehow," says Judy. "I don't get down or tired of it all. We finish one tournament, and what I'd like to do more than anything else is go home, and that's when Yippy



Husband Yippy dogs her rounds, suffering more visibly than Rankin, who frowns in concentration

says, "Well, time to get to work." He helps keep my fight up. He walks with me in all kinds of weather and conditions. I guess we're very close. He's as involved as I am, in his own way. He's very competitive in everything. I sometimes tell him he has to cool it a little, that his is a football personality and this is golf."

When they are not on the tour, the Rankins go home to a three-bedroom ranch-style house that they have lived in since shortly after they were married. In Midland, Yippy tends to his insurance business. Walter Snyder Rankin Jr., nine, better known in Colgate detergent commercials as Tuey, goes to a small private school, and Judy cleans closets.

"I love to mess with my house," she says. "It undoubtedly has something to do with not having to be there 12 months

out of the year. I probably clean out my closets more than anybody alive. But we often make pit stops at home—we throw some things in and take some others out."

Until Tuey reached the second grade he was on the tour with his parents a good deal of the time. These days, however, they try to confine his major absences from school to one in the fall and one in the spring. Other than these, he rarely misses more than a day or two at a time. Sometimes a housekeeper looks after him; sometimes he stays with his grandmother, who lives on a ranch 60 miles away. Last fall, when Judy went on a Far Eastern tour that lasted a month, Yippy stayed home with Tuey.

"I felt pulled eight ways," says Judy about that trip. "The LPGA wanted me to go because I was leading money-win-

continued

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ner, and Colgate (sponsor of the Far East Open) wanted me, too. I have personal ties with Colgate [on the tour she represents Mission Hills, the company's golf club in Palm Springs, and she is an adviser to the Ram golf equipment company, a Colgate subsidiary]. They support my interests in every way they can, so I have to support them, too. But I won't stay away that long again."

Tuey is redheaded and freckled and looks the way his mother did when she was a child. When he is on the tour he roams the golf course with his father or tears around with contemporaries like Robin Berning, Michael Skala and Kay Cornelius. He keeps up with his schoolwork at night in motel rooms.

"There's no doubt we've spoiled him," says Judy. "When he gets to wishing he were home with his friends, we tend to buy him something. But lately I've been trying to make him aware that the things he gets to do are things that most people don't. I think he's beginning to understand. He's missed out on things, nothing serious, but he'd like to be home on Saturdays, running up and down the block, as any kid would."

When Judy Toriuekme of St. Louis was Tuey's age, she had already won two National Pee Wee golf championships. But her first triumph was in a hole-in-one contest sponsored by the St. Louis Globe-Democrat when she was seven. She was less than four feet tall, weighed 42 pounds and used a driver to reach the 102-yard hole, while most of the field of 602 used short irons. She won the women's division with three shots that averaged 14' 5" from the pin, the farthest away being 15' 2". Years later, when she was asked whether she was surprised to have done so well, she said, "Not really. Daddy told me I could win, and I believed everything he said."

Paul Toriuekme, now in his late 50s and living in Texas, was in the printing business then. A weekend 80s shooter, he started his daughter playing golf when she was six at an indoor driving range in the old Kingway Hotel.

"When I was six my mother became ill with a brain tumor," Judy says. "They said she would live two years, and she lived five. She was an invalid during all those years, paralyzed on her left side. My father and I became close during that time. The illness was expensive, and my

father gave up golf, but he wanted me to learn so we could be together. We learned through a trial-and-error method. What worked, we kept, what didn't work, we threw out. To this day he knows so well how I hit a golf ball that he can help me pretty quick."

For six months of winter nights the tiny girl hit golf balls while her father watched. Bob Green, the pro who owned the driving range, has said, "Her father, you could say, was kind of a pusher, and this enabled her to keep her interest up. He was a real fine man, and because of his tenacity, he helped her stick to her work. They had a fine relationship. They were crazy about each other and they still are."

One result of the trial-and-error method of learning is the Rankin grip. Her left hand is turned so far over to the right on the club that the back of the hand faces forward instead of in the direction of the target. It is a grip guaranteed to produce a severe hook. That it does not is a tribute to several compensating factors in her swing and a lifetime of hard work.

"Judy has the most unorthodox grip in golf," says Mickey Wright, "and she has stuck with it. I admire that. She was destined to be something special. It was only a matter of time."

At 14 Rankin won the Missouri State Amateur and the year after that she finished low amateur in the U.S. Open, but what she wanted most in the world was to be chosen for the Curtis Cup team. However, the USGA selectors passed over her.

"Being low amateur at the Open should have gotten me on the team," she says. "At least as an alternate. My father and I beat ourselves silly trying to get that amateur spot. When I didn't get on the team my feelings were hurt and I sort of lost a feeling for whatever I'd thought golf might offer me."

The next summer, to make up for it, her father managed to raise enough money to take her to the British Ladies' Amateur at Carnoustie in Scotland. She played badly, lost her first match and the two came home the next day.

"It was probably the biggest emotional disaster of my career," she said. "I decided I'd quit golf, and my father didn't try to change my mind. For a few weeks I didn't play at all. Then Sports Illustrated called and asked me if I'd be play-

ing in the U.S. Open [at Baltusrol] because they wanted to put me on the cover."

So she played. And SI did put her on the cover (Aug. 21, 1961). And the next year, when she was 17, a club manufacturer offered to sponsor her on the tour and she turned pro. She endured a crisis of confidence in her game at first, probably brought on by people wincing when they looked at her grip. But by 19 she was self-supporting with a little bit left over, and faith began to return.

"The taste of success finally bred confidence," she says. "I didn't have the confidence people thought I should have. It was a personality trait, I guess. But every year I'd move up a notch, until finally I got to thinking I could be in the top 10 every week. Winning was the next hump, but that was a long time coming. Six years. The final hump was being leading money-winner."

The demands on Rankin's time are multiplying rapidly, and her plan for phasing herself off the tour and into a home life keeps being postponed as the money in women's golf grows and success piles on success. Most of the older players on the LPGA tour, those who were around when the present was bleak and the future unknown, feel a responsibility for the welfare of the enterprise Rankin, who has been LPGA president for a year, feels it intensely. Last year she played 13 straight tournaments through the summer and fall before sitting out one event.

"The men's tour is so deep in players they can take time off," she says. "But we grind it out. Sponsors demand the presence of the top 20, so we all push, for the LPGA and for ourselves. The men sometimes take three weeks off. You never see that on this tour, unless somebody is sick."

Paul Toriuekme used to worry sometimes that his daughter might get swept up in golf and miss out on what he considered life's other blessings, marriage and a family. He needn't have worried. She has managed, miraculously, to have it all—professional success, financial security, Yippy, Tuey, a black Labrador named Sam and a house to go home to with closets that need cleaning.

"The amazing thing," she says, "is that this has happened by chance, and I'm happy with it."

In New York City, on 44th Street between Second and Third Avenues, there is a bar of some fame called Costello's. It is by no means a fancy bar but it has an illustrious past. When Tim Costello himself owned it—it was then on the corner of Third but has since been transported, beer stain by beer stain, to its present location—it was the haunt of journalistic luminaries such as John McNulty and James Thurber, whose original drawings still decorate the walls. Now, however, it has a rather different clientele. It is the acknowledged meeting place of the English-speaking foreign press.

Most of them are correspondents for English, Australian and New Zealand newspapers who are based in New York. There is also a constant flow of writers on short assignments here from London, Sydney and so forth. On most evenings, therefore, some fireman is visiting. This makes for a very unhealthy life.

Often—commonly after the third or fourth gin and tonic—a certain nostalgia for home is expressed, usually in an oblique way. Elsewhere, Irish exiles might link arms and sing *Pu Take You Home* Agam, Kathleen, but in Costello's someone will ask the company if it recalls the century that Ted Dexter hit against the Australians in Manchester in 1964, or make reference to a long-ago soccer or rugby game. One steamy night last summer, and it might have been five or even six gin and tonics by then, somebody, possibly George Gordon, who was then on the *London Daily Mail*, talked about fishing. It was a vilely hot night, and whatever George actually said it evoked the coolness and tranquillity of fishing—a pond with lily pads and the early mist rising from it, or the clean surf creaming in on an Irish beach. At that moment, I think, Costello's Angling Club was born. The first annual outing took place soon afterward.

Only four of us headed out from Mon-

BAD SHOW AT THE MUD HOLE

Had it not been for Saturday night, Costello's Angling Club might have survived Sunday's outing, but not even the most homesick Commonwealth journalist could ever excuse seared black pudding

by CLIVE GAMMON

tauk, on the eastern tip of Long Island, that June day. We were not ambitious. We sneaked up on the fluke fleet that had clearly been in position before we had figured out the best place to go, but once there we scored freely, as cricketers say, all around the wicket. A mighty freight of fluke was aboard when we came in, some of them splendid nine-pounders. At the pier we were photographed by tourists. And we came very close. I was told confidentially later, to getting our photographs in *The Long Island Fisherman*. I think we were pushed out by a late bag of stripers. Naturally, we at once started to lay plans for this year.

Our catch had been much publicized, if not in *The Long Island Fisherman*, then in Costello's. A snapshot of it hung over the bar until the pushpin fell out. There were many inquiries about membership. We explained that there were no formalities. That was another of our mistakes, as was deciding to hold our outing as early in the year as possible. No small, neat charter boats would be in the water. We would have to ride a head boat, which the potential size of our party appeared to necessitate anyway.

With some formality, a date was set and a program drawn up. The club would convene as a Greenwich Village bar called the Bells of Hell, at 3:30 a.m. on the chosen Sunday. The Bells had not been designated without thought. Its proprietors, Peter Myers and Tony Heyes, are both from the north of England. Heyes is from Liverpool and might therefore be entrusted with the arrangements for the black-pudding breakfast. Lancashire is black-pudding country. Pofish might argue that two inland Lancastrian towns, Bury and Bolton, are the true black-pudding heartland—indeed, in Bury you can still walk into a black-pudding shop, buy one hot, peel away the dark skin to reveal the, er, congealed pig's blood and gobbets of white fat, dip it in mustard and eat it on the street—but we were inclined to overlook this so long as the real article could be obtained. Pofish black pudding is easy to get in New York but it was not until three days before the outing that our researchers turned up a cache of real black pudding in a small town in New Jersey—there is a Scottish community there, it seems. I will not reveal the name of this town.





A hot night: several gin and tonics and George's evocative talk about fishing back home gave birth to the club

Breakfast consumed, members would board a rented bus for Brooklyn and Sheephead Bay, there to board the *Helena II*, on which rods, bait and rail space had been reserved. Traveling with us would be one of the famous: Herbie, the waiter from Costello's whom Thurber long ago named the World's Worst Waiter, as framed articles in the bar testify if he remembered to. Herbie would serve drinks. He would certainly fish himself, for we had learned that Herbie was a dedicated Sheephead Bay man. What is more, he would be bringing his own tackle, unlike us rod renters.

Fishing, naturally, then take place all day; there would be pool prizes

and on a blackboard, English racecourse style, would be posted the changing odds on the anglers as the day went on. Bets should be placed at any time, not necessarily upon oneself. All bets would be settled, and the pool prizes awarded, in Costello's that night. By special arrangement, Herbie would shuck himself out of his foul-weather gear and cook and serve a formidable fish supper. And then—and finally—we would proceed to elect the 1977 Commodore of Costello's Angling Club. A full day but a promising one. Everything was set. Fifteen of us would assemble early on Sunday morning and, sensible to a man, we agreed that no one should be so foolish

as to go to the Bells on Saturday night to while away the time until 3:30 a.m.

It was not to be. Normally it would take close to a hurricane to prevent one of those 75-foot Sheephead Bay head boats, with their heated rails and cozy below-decks accommodations, from putting out. Nevertheless, my phone rang at nine o'clock that night. Visibility nil, said the skipper. No chance for the morning. Even with radar he'd scraped his craft's bottom that afternoon coming into harbor. I began to call members, the Bells of Hell and Costello's to cancel the arrangements. As good as their word, the members were all at home. The only number I couldn't raise was Costello's.

continued

It closes early Saturday nights. So I called George Gordon for Herbie's number. George paused for a moment. "He doesn't have a phone," he said, "and I have no idea where he lives."

Herbie lives, we were to learn later, way uptown. And, of all the club members, he was the only one to report, roused and booted, at the Bells at three o'clock the next morning. Not expecting our arrival, the Bells had shut early. That, looking back, seems to have been the moment when the seed of the disaster was sown.

It was simple enough to manage a bus and boat for the following Sunday. What could not be managed was Herbie, who had withdrawn in an understandable huff. The fish supper was hastily relocated at the Bells. Otherwise, the previous Sunday's program would be followed.

It was not followed. Unhappily, a writer from the London *Daily Mirror* had seen fit to hold a party that Saturday evening and the temptation proved too great for a good two-thirds of the membership. When the four really serious members, we veterans of Montauk, arrived at the Bells for breakfast, it was plain that several London dailies, a New Zealand wire agency and a Sydney afternoon paper were in no fit condition to go to sea. The

jukebox blared hard rock. The bar was doing a roaring trade. And there was no sign at all of the black pudding.

Eventually we tracked it down, concrete-hard in the freezer. While the proprietors attempted to clear the bar, we sliced and fried the stuff as best we could. Then the bus arrived. In Bury, Lancashire, they would be horrified to hear of black pudding—heat-seared on the outside, solid ice in the center—being crummed down without ceremony by a seriously slewed bunch of newspapermen, as they boarded a bus.

For board it they did, in spite of a wild hope expressed by George that they might forget the whole thing. And they did not board it alone. Suddenly, Costello's Angling Club seemed to have doubled as membership. There were half a dozen girls, some of whom had been attracted from The Lion's Head by the commotion outside the Bells. There was a middle-aged man dressed as if for the office, in a pin-striped suit and carrying a tightly furled umbrella. He was to cause trouble later. There was Barry Murphy, the underbarman of the Bells, and a man known, it seemed, as Lord Edward, whose claimed connection with Costello's Angling Club was that he was a non-playing member of the Bells of Hell darts team. Few of the party were unprovided

with bottles and as we were about to leave, the joint proprietors of the Bells appeared with heavy cartons laden with further supplies. The booze wasn't all. The reek of newfangled cigarettes wafted through the bus and, apprehensively, George Gordon, Ivor Key, Steve Dunleavy and myself, the only serious persons aboard, watched the buck of the driver's neck to see if his short hairs were starting to bristle, as they had every right to do. He evidenced no concern, though, until a man and a girl, who indeed had seemed curiously separate from the rest of the party, asked if he could drop them off at Sixth Street.

"We're going to Sheephead Bay," the driver told them tersely.

"Why is the downtown bus going to Sheephead Bay?" the man asked. "Please don't take us to Sheephead Bay!" For a moment it looked as if they were going to be shanghaied no matter what. "Come fishing with us!" roared Lord Edward. But, generously, we allowed them to set down reasonably close to Sixth South through Brooklyn, the bus rolled along in a miasma of booze and nibald song. The one thing that had gone right was that we were on time. As the waterfront finally glamed before us in the half-light of predawn, an unholy cheer went up.

It must have been the first indication to the regulars aboard *Helen II* that, instead of the boat being half empty and having the prospect of a pleasantly uncrowded day ahead of them, they were to be subjected to a visitation that no honest anglers should have to suffer. Whooping, carrying their bottles, the members and non-members of the Costello's Angling Club came aboard, to the fascinated horror of the regulars. Two of them in particular, solid characters in their mid-50s, clutched their rods close and averted their eyes as the huge bulk of Michael McGovern of the New York *Daily News* yawned in swamping a rum bottle. It seemed necessary to say something to the mate. "I've seen worse," he replied to the muttered apologies, but he didn't sound entirely convinced.

"Where are we going to fish?" George asked him, to show that some of us, at any rate, were serious.

"The Mud Hole," said the mate. His expression showed that he could think of nowhere more appropriate.

It took a good hour to reach the Mud Hole and a certain pattern began to es-

continued



Linka: most of the membership Herbie had his own teeth. What he did not have was a phone.



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day," he said. "I've been up in the bows."

"It's impossible not to catch a whiting in the Mud Hole," Gordon said. "Show us what you have been doing." Brennan let his lead weight down over the side, allowed it to sink a few feet, then looked up expectantly. "Gimme your rod," said Gordon.

The 10 minutes he took out to prove to Brennan that the bait had to be on the bottom proved to be his undoing. When the klaxon of the *Heleo II* brayed to signal the end of fishing, I was four whiting in front. I had the last one, too, and reckoned I had the biggest.

But that was to reckon without Miss Joanne O'Donnell. "One of mine is bigger than that," she declared when she saw the pride of my catch. "I'll get it." The fish, however, was not to be found at first. It finally turned up in the possession of Lord Edward, who vainly attempted to claim the prize himself. Because he had not been seen to fish all day, this claim was judged invalid. Furthermore—on the advice of the mate who had reckoned it might take the pool—Miss O'Donnell had marked her winner by cutting the tail from it when she caught it.

On such a slow note, the second annual outing ended. The bus, by now more like an ambulance, made its way back to the Bells of Hell. Nodding over the stove, a few stewards went through the motions of cooking up a dish of whiting. Nobody had the heart to mention electing a commodore. Sadly, we took our crisp fillers into the bar with us while we watched on TV the last two rounds of the fight between Joe Bugner, the English boxer, and Ron Lytle in Las Vegas. Bugner lost. Nobody actually put it into words—it looked, though, as if Costello's Angling Club had come and gone. END



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Utter madness is back.

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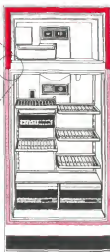
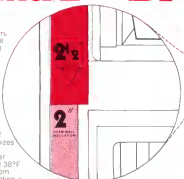
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One mindless moment

Ordinarily congenial, Lenny Randle ended his career with the Rangers by slugging Manager Frank Lucchesi. Now a Met, he is doing a very different kind of hitting

The first punch, thrown in a moment of intense anger, caught Texas Manager Frank Lucchesi under the right eye. And once Lenny Randle got started, he just couldn't stop swinging. That's the way it is sometimes with guys who smile a lot and rarely lose their cool. When they do blow up, watch out! By the time teammate Bert Campaneris pulled him away, Randle had landed two or three more punches to the face and several shots to the body of his 49-year-old manager, who crumpled to the ground before a Ranger spring training game against the Twins in Orlando, Fla.

The Texas second baseman and his boss had been at odds since Lucchesi had announced that rookie Bump Wills would be taking over Randle's old job when the Rangers broke camp to begin

the 1977 season. Randle, 28, was versatile enough to have played seven different positions in five seasons with the Rangers. He had hit .302 as recently as 1974 and could not understand why there wasn't a place for him in the regular lineup. He threatened to jump the club unless a spot was found. Retorted Lucchesi to newsmen, "I'm sick and tired of these punks saying, 'Play me or trade me.' Let them go find another job."

That was nine weeks ago, and Lenny Randle has found another job, though it is not making license plates, as some Texans had hoped. After the Rangers sold him to the New York Mets on April 26, Randle, in turn, bumped Felix Millon out of his second-base job and has become one of the hottest hitters in the National League with a .351 batting average.

But a lot more than that has happened to Randle since the day in March when he stalked off the field in a violent rage because Lucchesi, lying there hattered and bloody, had, Randle alleges, called him "a punk" to his face. The next day Lucchesi was operated on by a plastic surgeon who removed bone chips from his fractured cheek and restructured his face. Randle, probably the most popular Ranger among his teammates before the incident, was suspended by the club for 30 days without pay (a loss of \$9,000 in salary), fined \$10,000 and finally shipped off to the Mets for a measly \$50,000 and a player to be named later.

In addition, a Florida warrant citing Randle for aggravated battery—a felony—is hanging over his head. If he should be convicted of this charge, he could receive a maximum sentence of 10 years in prison. Nobody—including Lucchesi—expects Randle to be tried in criminal court, but he could face a large civil suit brought by his former manager. When Randle signed with the Mets, New York President M. Donald Grant offered Lucchesi \$10,000 to smooth over the matter. Lucchesi refused the money

and is still considering a suit, which can be filed anytime in the next 22 months.

Anxious to put these horrors behind him and to begin playing again as soon as his 30-day suspension was lifted, Randle stayed in shape. He even wore a sweat suit to the April 29 meeting during which he signed a five-year \$400,000 contract with the Mets. Before the ink was dry, he was out jogging along the harbor in San Diego, where he had joined the team for the start of a long West Coast road trip.

During his first appearance with the Mets, as a late-inning defensive replacement in left field, Randle made a somersaulting catch to help Tom Seaver beat the Padres 4-1. In his first at bat the next afternoon, he picked on the first pitch and drove it into the right-field corner for a triple. He had three hits for the day, took part in two double plays at second base and after driving in a run in the ninth inning, stole home to put the lid on an 8-2 victory. The Mets loved him, and oh how they needed him.

"Hey, what did you have for breakfast?" asked Catcher Jerry Grote. "I wish I had four or five more just like him," said Manager Joe Frazier.

That was just it, the Mets had nobody else like Randle—a switch hitter who plays the game the way Pete Rose does. New York had been making inquiries about him even before his run-in with Lucchesi. When he became available, albeit under irregular circumstances, the usually conservative Met ownership looked the other way while the front office consummated the deal.

"I think they liked my bat, my glove, my legs and the fact that I get my uniform dirty," says Randle. "I'd be perfect for a Tide commercial."

The San Francisco Giants can attest to that after Randle put them through the wringer during a recent three-game series at Shea Stadium. In the opener, Randle handled several tough plays at second base with ease and rapped a couple of hits as the Mets won 8-2. In the third inning of the second game, which was delayed by a rainstorm, he stretched a double into a triple when Outfielder Darrell Evans threw to the wrong base, in the fifth inning, he made a bawling backhanded stab of a line drive; in the seventh, he raced down the right-field line and made a diving catch in a puddle to rob Bill Madlock of extra bases, and in the ninth, he leaped high to snare an

continued



Randle is New York's leading batter at .351

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other line drive and help preserve Jon Matlack's 2-0 shutout. He also had three of the Mets' seven hits. New York swept the series with a 4-3 victory the next day, as Randle made another sparkling catch and snagged his second home run within a week. During his first home stand with the Mets, he had gone 14 for 28 at the plate.

That kind of hitting, coupled with Randle's dazzling speed and acrobatic fielding, did not surprise anyone who had followed his athletic career at Arizona State. Used primarily as a kick returner in football, because his size (5'8", 165 pounds) and 9.7 speed made him difficult to tackle, Randle ran back five punts and a kickoff for touchdowns in two seasons. One of them was a 57-yard dash that helped ASU beat Arizona 38-24 to win the WAC title in 1969. The 1969 Wildcat baseball team won the NCAA championship with Randle at second base. After hitting .335 the next season, he decided to leave school a year early in order to sign with the then-Washington Senators, who made him the No. 1 pick in the secondary phase of the 1970 free-agent draft.

Unlike a lot of athletes who drop out of college, Randle went back to Arizona State in the off-season and got his degree. Randle is a sensitive and intelligent man who studied social science at ASU. It is just these attributes that make it difficult for him to casually shake off the Luchessa incident as many egocentric pro athletes might. He is also a sophisticated person who has made it a point to do something different during each of the last four off-seasons. One year he sold real estate; another year he taught at a government-funded model-school project for multiracial children. He has played baseball in Venezuela and visited London and Rome. He practices yoga—but is not a black belt in karate, as was reported after his outburst—and is so good-natured that he was able to joke with Wilks, a fellow Arizona State alum, about their competition for the Rangers' second-base job up until the time of the fight.

The fact that the Mets decided to take a chance on a player as suddenly controversial as Randle, after ignoring the flock of free-agent stars available this winter, is at once surprising and not so surprising. On one hand, the Mets' top brass has enough problems to cope with already, what with Dave Kingman's on-

going salary demands and Seaver calling Grant "a maniac"—which is certainly worse than being assailed as "a punk." However, the Mets are also in the Eastern Division cellar, and a player of Randle's skills and enthusiasm could be the key to getting them out.

Pete Rose seems to think so. In a recent game with the Reds, Randle raced into the hole and nearly took a hit away from Rose. As Rose stood on first base, he applauded Randle's effort, and when he arrived at second base a moment later, Rose said, "Nice try, fella. We need more players like you in this league."

THE WEEK

(May 22-27)

by HERMAN WEISKOPF

NL EAST

"If I could hit other guys like I hit Tom Seaver, I wouldn't be figuring out what to do during the All-Star break," said Tommy Huston of Philadelphia (3-2) in a 5-4 win over the Mets. Huston singled, homered and drove in three runs against Seaver. That left him with the following career statistics against the Met ace: 16 hits in 37 at bats, three homers, 14 RBIs and a .432 batting average. If Huston could hit other pitchers like that for a full season, he would have 48 homers and 224 RBIs. Consecutive game-saving catches gave the Phillies a 2-1 win in St. Louis. Centerfielder Gary Maddox made a shoe-top grab with the bases loaded in the ninth, and Second Baseman Ted Sizemore ended the threat with a leaping catch of a liner.

Chicago (3-2) stayed within half a game of first place Pittsburgh by defeating the Pirates 4-2, as Bill Bonham got his sixth win and Bruce Sutter his 12th save. Manny Trillo, who homered in that game, finished the week with a .351 average.

Dave Parker powered Pittsburgh (2-1) past Los Angeles (1-4) with a pair of homers as John Camelarena improved his record to 6-0. Jerry Reuss beat the Mets 5-2 for his first win. When not pitching, Reliever Rich (Goose) Gossage was in the bullpen keeping an eye on a feathered friend named Lucy Goose that was given to the Pirates.

An 11th-inning single by Mike Phillips and strong relief work by Jackson Todd gave New York (1-3) its only win, a 4-3 defeat of Cincinnati.

Steve Rogers ended an 11-game losing streak for Montreal (2-3) by beating San Diego 3-1. The Expos also defeated the Cubs 5-4, but it was not easy. Joe Kerrigan, the winning pitcher in relief, snuffed out a Chi-

cago uprising in the 12th inning when he fielded a pop-up on an attempted sacrifice bunt by Gene Clines. Kerrigan managed to turn his effort into a double play, but in the process of making his diving catch spited himself. Jose Morales drove in the winning run in the 13th inning with a pinch single.

Al Hrabosky's three-day suspension was lifted by Manager Vern Rapp of St. Louis (3-3). Rapp had penalized Hrabosky because he refused to have a meeting with Rapp. When they finally met, Rapp advised his reliever to use his slider more often, which Hrabosky promptly did as he saved an 8-5 win over the Phillies.

PITT 26-13 CHI 26-14 ST. L. 25-17
PHI. 21-18 MONT 15-24 NY 15-25

NL WEST

Dazzling relief work by Gary Lavette, Randy Moffitt and Charlie Williams helped San Francisco (5-0) leap from fifth place to second. Lavette pitched seven innings without yielding an earned run in the process chalking up his third win and doubling his total saves to six. He preserved a 2-0 victory for Jim Barr with two shutout innings against the Cardinals, who have scored only one run against him in 24½ innings stretching over two seasons. Moffitt got his fourth save, and Williams his first two victories. Terry Whitfield's fourth hit of the night polished off Cincinnati 6-5. There was only one bit of bad news for the Giants. John Montefusco was placed on the 21-day disabled list because of an ankle injury.

"You ever see a batting-practice pitcher drop dead?" asked Dodger Manager Tom Lasorda. "Men drop dead shoveling snow, but not pitching batting practice. That's why I pinch batting practice." His Dodgers (3-2) treated Red hurlers as if they were batting practice pitchers, clobbering them for 17 hits in a 10-3 romp that stretched their lead to 13 games. Despite a sore Achilles tendon, Reggie Smith had three hits and crashed into the right-field fence to rob Pete Rose of a homer. Rick Rhoden's seventh victory and Tommy John's fifth were preserved by Charlie Hough, giving him 13 saves.

Unexpected slugging was provided by Enos Cabell and Art Howe of Houston (2-3). "Lifting weights all winter has given me extra power," said Cabell after surpassing his 1976 home-run output by hitting his third of the season. In the same game, Howe, who had had just one previous homer, slugged two as the Astros beat the Dodgers 7-6.

Power did not help Cincinnati. After defeating New York 8-1, the Reds lost four in a row—three by one run—despite walloping seven homers.

Andy Messersmith of Atlanta (3-3) pitched from a stretch position to reduce the pain in his aching back and picked up his first two wins in a month. And Buzz Capra got his

continued



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BASEBALL (CONTINUED)

first victory in nearly two years by tossing two innings of scoreless relief during a 6-5 triumph over the Padres.

San Diego (2-4) eased past Atlanta 4-3 and 6-5. Roli Fingers earned his eighth save in the first win. In the second, Dave Winfield homered in the bottom of the 12th to tie the score at 5-all and pinch hitter Jerry Turner wrapped things up with a bases-loaded single. Randy Jones was told he would be allowed to throw only a limited number of pitches—90 to 100 per game—until he strengthens his left bicep.

LA 33-11 SF 19-23 CIN 16-23
HOU 18-25 SD 19-28 ATL 16-29

AL WEST The California Angels (3-11) climbed over .500 for the first time since opening week as Nolan Ryan and Frank Tomita fired back-to-back three-hitters against Detroit. By fanning the side in the ninth inning of his 2-1 victory, Ryan (7-4) finished with 12 strikeouts and a league record for having struck out 10 or more batters in a game the most times (75). Tanana (8-11) was no less masterful, winning 4-0 as he fanned 11, lowered his ERA to 2.17 and hurled his second straight shutout and fourth of the season. Also gaining favor was Gilberto Garcia Flores, who became the regular centerfielder after being called up from the minors on May 7. As a teenager at Puerto Rico Flores was a boxer who racked up nine wins in 15 bouts. At 16, after almost losing his life in an automobile crash, he switched to baseball. Since coming to the Angels, Flores, 24, has hit .341, and California has won 12 of 17 games.

In a 13-5, 9-4 doubleheader sweep in Boston, the first-place Minnesota Twins (1-1) had 35 hits—seven by Rod Carew, who now has a .378 average, and four by Larry Hsieh, who drove in six runs. In the second game, Lyman Bostock tied a big league mark for centerfielders by making 12 putouts. A three-run pinch-hit home run by Craig Kusak in the sixth inning earned the Twins past the Angels 8-5.

Doyle Alexander of Texas (12-2) got his win by trouncing Toronto 7-4, and Gaylord Perry bamboozled New York 1-0. Yankee Manager Bill Martin was not about to shut up about Perry after the shutout, calling Perry "a cheater," because "he's got a beautiful spitter." Al Clark, the home-plate umpire, did not concur. "I must have checked the ball 18 times and I never felt any slippery stuff," he testified. With Claudell Washington out with an injured wrist and Ken Henderson sidelined with a hamstring pull, outfielder Lew Basky, 27, was summoned from the minors, where he had languished for 10 years. In his first game, Basky singled twice and doubled.

Oakland (2-2) beat Toronto twice, 3-0 behind Rick Langford's six-hitter and 6-5 with

Mattie Sanguillen and Mitchell Page driving in 10th-inning runs. Owner Charlie Finley, who said he lost \$600,000 last season and who projected a \$1 million deficit this year because of declining attendance, announced that he was cutting in half the price of all tickets to Monday through Thursday games.

Dan Meyer had four hits as last-place Seattle (2-2) stopped Oakland 6-2. Later in the week, the Mariners defeated Detroit 2-1 behind the three-hit pitching of Glenn Abbott and Mike Kekich.

Chicago and Kansas City each lost three of four. Riche Zisk of the White Sox retained his league home-run lead by hitting Nos. 12 and 13. One of Zisk's blasts was only the sixth ever to clear the 17-foot-high wall and sail into Comiskey Park's centerfield seats, 445 feet from home plate. In his first starting assignment since his knee-cap was shattered by a line drive a year ago, Wilbur Wood was bombed for six runs in one inning by the Tigers. But two of the least sought-after of free agents during the off-season—Pitcher Steve Stone and utilityman Royle Stiffman—learned up to give the White Sox a 4-3 victory over the Brewers. Stone pitched seven strong innings as he earned his fourth win in a row and Stiffman doubled twice, drove in one run and scored another. With 26 of their first 38 games at home, the Royals had hoped for a quick start. They did not get it, losing 15 times at Royals Stadium.

MNN 27-15 CHC 23-17 TEX 20-18 CAL 22-21
OAK 20-22 KC 19-22 SEA 17-30

AL EAST After beating New York 4-3, Bill Lee of Boston (5-4) delivered a villosity. "Pitching keeps me sane. But why stay sane? The weather will change, and we'll be in a glacial age or maybe slip into a black hole, because we've polluted our planet beyond repair. Anything that has become overspecialized becomes extinct." Definitely not extinct were home runs at Fenway Park, where a major league record-tying 11 were slammed in one game. The last of those drives, the sixth of the game by the Red Sox, was a grand slam by George Scott that clinched a 14-10 win over the Brewers in the first game of a doubleheader. Scott later hit his 11th home run as Ferguson Jenkins defeated Kansas City 10-1. Jenkins credited Rightfielder Dwight Evans with giving him some valuable advice. After being told by Evans that he was not pushing off with his right foot, the one on which he had Achilles tendon surgery, Jenkins corrected the flaw and tossed the first complete game by a Red Sox pitcher in 16 days. Evans also contributed in other ways last week. He hit his eighth, ninth and 10th homers, and he stretched his consecutive-game hitting streak to 13.

In the second game of the doubleheader in Boston, Eduardo Rodriguez of Milwaukee

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(3-4) made his first start of the season and beat the Sox 6-0 on two hits. During the week, the Brewers hit 14 homers, five by Don Money, but lost three one-run games. The Brewers, though, did salvage another close game, defeating the Rangers 6-5. They did it by scoring a run in the bottom of the ninth inning on singles by Sal Bando and Cecil Cooper and a sacrifice fly by Steve Brye.

Nifty pitching buoyed Baltimore (5-2). Rudy May muffed New York 5-1 and Minnesota 6-0. Dennis Martinez tamed Kansas City 7-2 with a five-hitter, and Jim Palmer, who had not won in two weeks and had seen an orthopedic surgeon and chiropractor about his sore neck, held off Milwaukee 2-1. Eddie Murray's two-run single in the 6th inning helped finish off the Yankees 5-1 and was the third consecutive game in which the rookie designated hitter had delivered the winning run. "Losing Wayne Garland, Bobby Grich and Reggie Jackson might even be a blessing in disguise," Manager Earl Weaver said. "This team has the best crop of rookies I have ever seen."

Detroit (1-3) drubbed Chicago 14-3, but in three other games, including Mark Fidrych's first start (page 20), the Tigers

scored only two runs. Just as Fidrych deserved a better fate, so did crumpled reliever John Hiller, who made a rare start and lost to the Angels 2-1. Hiller gave up only five hits, two of them bloopers.

Toronto dropped all four of its games. Rookie left-hander Jerry Garvin lost 6-5 to the A's, despite picking two runners off base. Garvin has now nabbed nine, six shy of Bill Lee's single-season record.

"You can always tell if we won by the buzzing of hair dryers after the game," said John

PLAYER OF THE WEEK

BARRY BONNELL: Atlanta's 23-year-old centerfielder, recently up from the minors, hit .609, collecting 14 hits in 23 at bats, and drove across the deciding run in the 11th inning as the Braves defeated the Padres by a 6-5 score.

Lowenstein of Cleveland. "When we win, the guys think of how they look. When we lose, nobody cares much about personal grooming." Last week the hair dryers purred as the Indians helped Manager Frank Robinson cling precariously to his job by winning all

four games. Just Bobby beat Kansas City 7-1. Dennis Eckersley allowed just five hits in 12 innings while stopping Seattle 2-1, and Wayne Garland defeated Oakland 3-1 on four hits.

There was more growling than purring in New York. "Constructive volitionism" was what owner George Steinbrenner called the rumblings among his Yankees (4-3). Reggie Jackson refused to shake hands with his teammates after homering, and there were rumors that Mickey Rivers would be traded. Jackson later apologized to each Yankee for his behavior and for the unflattering remarks he had made about Thurman Munson during spring training. He also socked his seventh homer as New York overhauled Chicago 8-6. In that game Rivers had four hits and Munson drove in three runs. Catfish Hunter pitched just one inning in that contest, giving up five hits and five runs. But from then on Yankee relievers excelled. Dick Tidrow allowed only one run in seven innings as he won for the fourth time and Sperry Lyle pitching a scoreless ninth inning as he recorded his eighth save.

BALT 24-16 NY 24-19 BOS 22-19 MIL 23-23
CLEV 17-21 DET 17-23 TOR 17-26

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The two pro hockey leagues held bury-the-hatchet talks last week amid speculation that the five-year-old World Hockey Association will soon be laid to rest, its strongest franchises absorbed by the National Hockey League. If that happens, posterity will remember the WHA's farewell as quite a show. On Thursday night, before a rollicking crowd of 11,461 in the Colisée, the hometown Quebec Nordiques bombed the defending champion Winnipeg Jets 8-2 in a seventh-game showdown to win the Avco World Trophy, emblematic of WHA supremacy. The Quebec victory ended a high-scoring seasaw series that posed a question for European history buffs: What did the French and Swedes have against one another, anyway?

The shoot-out started innocently enough when Winnipeg, with eight Swedes in the lineup, edged the predominantly French-Canadian Nordiques 2-1 in Quebec. That game gave no hint of the gyrations that would follow as the teams then traded wide-open 6-1 home-ice victories. After Quebec knotted the series at two games apiece with a 4-2 win in Winnipeg, events became wilder still. The Nordiques won Game Five at home by five goals (8-3) only to drop Game Six at Winnipeg by nine (12-3), a 14-goal swing that left the players muttering to themselves. Quebec's 8-2 win in the final represented a 15-goal swing in the other direction.

Off the ice, the struggle over a possible WHA-NHL get-together may be just as volatile. At issue is the desire by everybody to end the bidding war for young talent that contributed to financial losses totaling more than \$15 million for each of the leagues this past season. No more than six of the 28 NHL and WHA clubs will finish this fiscal year in the black. Fact-finding committees from both leagues have been meeting regularly, and there are proposals whereby the NHL—now composed of 18 teams, four of which may not be solvent enough to start the 1977-78 season—would expand next season to admit as many as six WHA franchises, with the remaining four WHA clubs folding their tents. Some such arrangement will probably be acted upon at the annual meeting of the NHL governors beginning this weekend in Montreal.

Ed Snider, the board chairman of the Philadelphia Flyers, says that the two

Will the world end?

With merger in the air, Quebec may have won the last championship of the WHA

sides are "close to agreement" on a consolidation package. Four WHA teams with relatively strong ownerships—champion Quebec, New England, Cincinnati and Edmonton—seem ready to pay a \$3 million expansion fee each to enter the NHL and another \$2 million to settle any obligations to their old WHA partners. Other clubs that could be absorbed are Winnipeg, a publicly owned team that might have trouble raising the necessary cash, and Houston.

All the merger talk demonstrated anew the surprising resiliency of the WHA, which has had franchises in 24 cities—and 27 team names—in its brief but turbulent history. The Phoenix Roadrunners recently became the latest WHA club to pack it in, the San Diego Mariners want to take their burdens to Hollywood, Fla. and there are rumors that Winnipeg's Bobby Hull will redefine for the NHL Chicago Black Hawks. But just when the WHA seemed to be going under, the New England Whalers last week put together a multimillion-dollar deal and signed 49-year-old Gordie Howe and his sons Marty and Mark, whose Houston honeymoon soured this past season.

The coup for the Hartford-based Whalers was a blow to the Boston Bruins, who own the NHL rights to 22-year-old Mark Howe, a hard-shooting left wing-defenseman and one of hockey's bright young stars. Bruins General Manager Harry Sinden had offered Mark a fat contract but the Bruins' bid for 23-year-old Marty, a defenseman, was subject to Boston working out a deal with the Detroit Red Wings, who owned Marty's NHL rights. Or did they? The Red Wings had obtained Marty's rights from Montreal, but Canadian General Man-

ager Sam Pollock apparently stipulated that Detroit could not deal Marty to another NHL club without Pollock's approval. And Boston was a definite thumbs-down.

All this uncertainty worried the Howes, who believe in family togetherness, and played into the hands of the Whalers, who even promised to come up with promotional duties for Momma Colleen Howe, who handles the family's business matters.

New England's bold stroke obviously fueled the merger-expansion-consolidation movement. But much as they covet NHL status, WHA clubs have to be concerned that their costly peace offerings might leave them without adequate operating capital. The consent of the NHL and WHA players associations has to be obtained, too. And there is stiff resistance from a handful of NHL owners, who fear that expansion will further dilute their product. "The NHL has about five clubs of its own that are in trouble," says Toronto Maple Leaf boss Harold Ballard. "We should solve that problem before we start hobnobbing with people who have cost us millions."

On the other hand, many financially strapped NHL clubs see the proposed WHA expansion fees as a windfall. And some onetime merger opponents have reversed themselves. They include the Stanley Cup champion Montreal Canadiens, who are now said to welcome Avco Trophy champion Quebec as a natural rival on the ice and a natural ally in any separatist upheaval in *la belle province*. "If we expand," says one opponent, "Sam Pollock will have a whole new list of general managers ready to be duped." At the same time, softliners like Philadelphia's Snider feel that elimination of at least four WHA franchises would actually amount to ordination. "It's been proven in every sport that nobody wins a war," Snider says. "And we have had a real bloodbath."

In any event, a new order appears to be coming in hockey. Last weekend a committee of NHL owners departed for meetings with player representatives in Bermuda, where they planned to serve notice that the days of runaway salaries—the NHL's average annual paycheck is almost \$97,000—were over. The warning applied whether there is a WHA next year or not.



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Not yet ready to burn their bridges

In a short span, coeds have won acceptance on sailing varsities, but until they are as skilled as men, women find their own regatta a dandy test, especially when it is held in New York City's turbulent waters

The traffic plying New York City's crowded East River was even worse last week, being snarled by a fleet of racing dinghies manned by the best women sailors from 16 U.S. and Canadian colleges. In the murky water off the Bronx, home port of most Maritime College, they battled for the top awards in the 11th annual women's intercollegiate championships, while trying to avoid collisions with tugs, speedboats, tankers, destroyers, yachts, fishing boats and each other.

In the mid-'60s women, who had long been barred from college sailing, decided to hold a regatta of their own. The event has not yet outlived its usefulness, though it someday may as coeds become more proficient and find increased acceptance on college varsities. In small boat racing, women can compete on an equal footing with men. Two of the skippers in the intercollegiate, Allison Jolly of Florida State and Anne Preston of Princeton, have proved that.

Jolly, America's Yachswoman of the Year for 1976 and defending champion in the A Division of the intercollegiate, had finished second in the Timine Angsten Trophy race in Chicago, which draws the best male college skippers. The only other woman skippering in the Timine was Preston. She did not do well on that occasion but is considered the finest sailor of either sex at Princeton and one of the top 10 in the country. She had won the B, or second, Division skipper award for two straight years at the intercollegiate. Now she was moving up to A to do battle with Allison Jolly.

The 20-year-old champion very nearly did not defend. To get to the East River races, a school had to survive regional eliminations and send an A and a B team to New York. Because it was exam time,

Jolly had difficulty rounding up the requisite three women to accompany her. In the end, she convinced a 4' 11", 80-pound sophomore, Karen Kolmick, whose sailing experience consisted of a six-week beginner's course, that she was ready for national competition. Florida State would not have depth but it had warm bodies. Next came the drive north.

20 straight hours in a car Jolly rented at her own expense. Allison's crew would be Anne Batchelder. The B boat would be handled by Susan Stone and Kolmick.

The triangular course for the 32 races lay between the mighty Throg's Neck and Whitestone bridges, near where the river flows into Long Island Sound. The current is strongly affected by the tides and in the words of Commander Dick Chesebrough, Maritime's sailing coach and chairman of the races, "It goes the way it damn well pleases." On Sunday morning when the regatta began, it pleased to pull in the direction of the Sound, and that, combined with light winds from the north, made sailing the 12-foot 420s up to the starting line and on the windward leg a struggle for the crews.

The University of Rhode Island A team correctly assessed both wind and current and led through much of the one-mile course to win the first race. The wind was fickle: dying, springing up, then faltering again. "What can you expect when they're sailing in the middle of the Bronx," said one observer. The situation was further complicated by Sunday sailors who every few minutes roared through the course at full throttle, their wakes threatening to swamp the racers.



Jolly finished second in two of the first four races and Preston was well placed near the head of the fleet. By the fourth race the current had reversed. As the day progressed and the wind built, it became harder and harder for the less experienced women to deal with the conditions. The B team from the University of Texas was the first to capsize. Jeanne McCarthy of Austin came up sputtering, "Filthy water." Her skipper, Kit Fugate, said, "It's not so bad if you don't look at what's floating around you."

Homeward-bound fishing boats, their rails lined with anglers, plowed through the racing triangle, and two U.S. Navy destroyers steamed slowly by to dock at the nearby Naval Reserve Station. The University of Washington, British Columbia, Rhode Island, Yale, Princeton, the Naval Academy and Florida State took A races. Rhode Island also won the first B race when Skipper Becky Wood of Newport gained the lead at the jibe mark and held it to the finish. Other B winners included Yale, University of California at Santa Cruz, Princeton, Miami of Ohio and British Columbia.

A brief delay occurred after the sixth race when four men and a dog in a Boston Whaler stole the large red ball used

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as the weather mark. Chesebrough took off after the thieves in the judges' boat, and with the boat's siren wailing and the dog barking, the chase headed toward Manhattan. The culprits were caught at the Whitestone Bridge, herded back to the college and turned over to the police. At the end of the first day and eight races in each division, Anne Preston led Allison Jolly by one point in the A Division, and Becky Wood, with four seconds and a first, headed the Bs.

Jolly had more to worry about than the one point, however. The 80-pound crew she had recruited was having difficulty coping as the wind increased. Watching the final B races of the day, Jolly groaned, "Oh no, Karen's going to kill me." The Florida State boat finished last in the two contests.

The next morning the difficulty was no wind. Chesebrough assured the women that when the haze lifted so they could see the skyline of Manhattan, a breeze would be on the way. They waited all morning, sunbathing in bikinis and shorts on the decks and balcony of the Sailing Center. The Princeton team read trash novels, while the Navy A skipper, Kirby Karlson, studied an engineering text. The Naval Academy had entered the women's championships in style. With Navy pride at stake, the all-plebe team was determined to do well. Unlike the Santa Cruz women who showed movies on campus, and tapped local merchants and their parents to raise money for the trip, or the Miami of Ohio sailors, who tried a candy sale ("It bombed"), Navy was well financed and organized by a very vocal and visible coach, Patrick Healy. Karlson's engineering exam was to be held that evening at Marjume, a Navy professor having accompanied the team to administer final exams on the spot.

At one o'clock the haze lifted, a breeze rippled the water and the women returned to the boats. The second event of the day almost ended in tragedy. Preston and her crew, Caroline Penfield, were around the weather mark first and heading for the jibe mark when a tug, pulling two 50-foot barges loaded with sand, crossed directly in front of them. Preston, aware that as fleet leader she would be penalized the most by any delay, tried to round the end of the second barge with only 20 feet to spare, but, suddenly, her boat was sucked into the wake. She was thrown overboard as the 420

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BOATING continued

slammed into the barge. Luckily, Preston kept a grip on the mainsheet, or she might have drowned in the powerful undertow. With the help of her crew, she struggled back into the craft, but it took the assistance of two men from the race committee to free the dinghy from the suction of the barge. Retreating to the competition, the Princeton team, demonstrating superb sailing skill, worked up through the fleet and finished a respectable seventh.

When the A crews returned to shore, one contestant berated the men for interfering—they might have caused Preston to be disqualified. Allison Jolly interrupted the coed. "A girl's out there drowning and you're worried about him upsetting the race? Where are your priorities?" That ended the discussion.

The wind increased until it was ripping along at a brisk 15 knots, with stronger gusts. Boats began to capsize, some turning turtle, their crews being either too light or too tired to fight them. The 13th A race was won by identical twins from Penn State, Carol and Mary Park, and the 14th was taken by the Navy crew of Karlson and Becky Olds after Coach Healy had shouted, "Hey, I've got your nails ready for dinner."

Jolly returned from that race to discover that Kolnick had given out completely, a victim of the wind, exhaustion and a dunking. The Florida State B team suffered two disqualifications when it was unable to enter the final races. On Monday evening, with only two races remaining in each division, Preston led Jolly by five points, and Rhode Island looked solid in the Bs.

The next morning a first and a second clinched the A title for Preston. The Princeton B team of Dorothy Bedford and Lucy Sutphen won the remaining races, but that wasn't enough to catch Becky Wood of Rhode Island. For Wood, who was fired from her summer job as a waitress for attending the championships, the trophy was nice compensation. Princeton won its fourth consecutive Nancy Fowle Trophy as the top school.

When it was all over, Preston, who plans to go on to get a Ph.D. in economics at Harvard, expressed the hope that there would soon be no necessity for a women's intercollegiate sailing championship.

But for now? "Well," she smiled shyly, "it's nice to win."

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Cornell's wild Irish rose

As Richie Moran did the coaching and Eamon McEneaney the scoring, the Big Red built a 9-0 lead and went on to rout Johns Hopkins 16-8 for the NCAA crown

Two days before playing his final lacrosse game for Cornell last week, Eamon McEneaney, the game's finest attackman, described what it is like to play for Big Red Coach Richie Moran. In lacrosse circles McEneaney is known as a brash, immature wise guy with a hot temper. Despite his talent, many of Cornell's rivals have wondered how Moran has managed to put up with McEneaney for four years. "Richie and I get upset with each other," he said, "but there is a common bond between us—winning. Sure, I'm rebellious, but the one thing about me that Richie knows is, if he sends the team out on a three-mile run, I'll be the first to finish. I think he sees a lot of himself in me. I love Richie. I love him because he made me a winner, and that's what I wanted to be."

Indeed, the combination of Moran and McEneaney has been all-victorious for quite a time now, but as if to make sure that no one would ever forget what a winning pair they have been, they saved their most triumphant triumph for last Saturday's NCAA championship game. Before 11,340 fans at the University of Virginia in Charlottesville, McEneaney scored three goals and had five assists to lead Cornell in a 16-8 shellacking of a good Johns Hopkins team. The victory gave the Big Red its second straight national title, making it the first school to win consecutive championships since the NCAA inaugurated its tournament in 1971. And the victory, Cornell's 29th in a row, capped a second straight undefeated season. That isn't just winning, that's rubbing it in.

Actually, the title game was not as close as the score indicates. Midway through the fourth quarter, before Moran gave everyone except himself a turn on the field, Cornell led 16-3. At that point, Mike O'Neill, Hopkins' leading scorer, sat on the bench and admitted, "They're just better than us. But I don't think they're that much better. This is embarrassing. Come on, clock," he pined, ignoring his team's futile rally, "run down."

Despite Cornell's overwhelming victory, there are some non-believers who challenge the Big Red's claim to be No. 1 in college lacrosse. The doubters tout Hobart College, the Division II titleholder and also a winner of two consecutive NCAA crowns. The Statesmen were 15-0 this season and outscored their

opponents 352-106. They won some games by as many as 30 goals. If nothing else, the suggestion floating around Charlottesville that a Super Bowl should be played between the Division I and II champs served to point out that lacrosse is no longer the property of Maryland and Long Island. Hobart and Cornell are located within 50 miles of each other in the Finger Lakes region of Upstate New York.

In Moran's nine years high above Cayuga's waters, he has won three national titles—including the first NCAA tournament in 1971—eight Ivy League championships and 106 of 120 games. He is a graying, rounded Irishman who deluges anyone who will listen with a torrent of blarney. A Hopkins assistant coach recently likened Moran's personality to a "freshly opened, well-shaken bottle of pop." "He's a conniver," says McEneaney,

"a fast-talking Mick. You can clown around with Richie, because he's doing that with you. It's all fun and games. Except at practice. Practice is like Parris Island."

Moran prides himself on his ability to relate to his players. "In coaching you can't have a double standard," he says, "but you can't handle all players the same." Few have tried his patience as severely as McEneaney has. "Eamon's got a fuse that would make a lot of people happy on the Fourth of July," says Moran. "What we try to do is harness his emotions to make him become the player he's capable of being." In McEneaney's first varsity game as a sophomore, Moran had to bench him for 10 minutes to calm him down after a questionable call by a referee. As recently as two weeks ago, in Cornell's crushing 22-6 NCAA semifinal win over Navy, Moran had to

continued



Firing away at Hopkins net, McEneaney got three goals and five assists to cap record scoring spree

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LACROSSE *continued*

pull McEneaney. "He was so mad that he was yelling at the ref, at the fans, at the stadium, at the airplanes in the sky," says Moran. "He yells at me, too, but I let it go in one ear and out the other. He's the only kid I know who yells and screams with affection. Did you ever see two Irishmen try to converse when the adrenaline is flowing?"

Obviously, Moran succeeded in harnessing McEneaney just enough. He was a first-team All-America the last two seasons, and surely will be again when the 1977 squad is announced this week. As a sophomore he was voted the top attacker in the nation, an honor he should regain this year. He also played two seasons of football as a wide receiver and was named to the All-Ivy team last fall. "His weight is only 156, but his heart must weigh 154," says Moran. "At times I don't understand Eamon, but I always make believe I understand him. One thing I do know for sure is that he badly wants to be a winner. He'll drive you nuts, but he'll get the team up."

Dan Mackesey, the Cornell goalie, is the antithesis of McEneaney—cool, intellectual, articulate—but he sounds a familiar refrain when he says, "There is no question that during my four years at Cornell Moran has been the most influential person in my life. Last season my father got sick and then died. Richie was the one person whom I found I could open up to. He sensed it, and he made himself available."

Mackesey was the nation's outstanding goalie in 1976, but he had some indifferent games early this year until he went to an eye doctor and discovered that with his old contacts he could not read the second line on the chart. "My teammates said I should have been playing with a Seeing Eye dog," he says. "They promised that if a shot was heading for the upper left corner of the cage they'd bark twice." On the eve of the championship, Mackesey, whose play improved with new lenses, was still berating himself for his early-season performances. "If Dan hadn't played well this year," Moran scoffed, "I'd be up in Ithaca now cutting the lawn."

Instead he was up early the morning of the championship game, inspecting the artificial turf at Scott Stadium. However, he was not up as early as McEneaney. Unable to sleep, McEneaney rose at 7:30 and went for a three-mile run to relieve his tension. No doubt Moran made be-

continued

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lieve he understood that. What was easier for him to comprehend was that the day would be hot and the surface temperature on Virginia's fake turf would be more than 100° by game time. Twenty minutes before the opening face-off, Moran decided on a gamble. In hopes of exhausting Hopkins, he ordered his team to run all out for the first period, pressing on defense and fastbreaking on offense, rather than setting up and working the ball patiently for shots. In short, he wanted to give the Blue Jays the old Purris Island treatment.

Moran's strategy did not work instantly. More than five minutes elapsed before McEneaney got the game's first goal, beating a defenseman one-on-one and scoring from point-blank range. Cornell took the following face-off, and McEneaney immediately assisted on a second goal. With a little more than two minutes remaining in the first quarter, the score was 3-0. Then Moran's gamble really paid off. After his third goal, the Big Red controlled the ensuing two face-offs, drawing penalties by the frustrated Blue Jays on each. Against winded, man-down defenses, Cornell easily converted both opportunities for a 5-0 first quarter lead. The game, for all practical purposes, was over.

Of Cornell's first eight goals, McEneaney was involved in six, with three scores and three assists. His eight points for the game, added to the seven he got in the quarterfinals against Massachusetts and the 10 he scored against Navy, gave him a tournament-record total of 25. Mackesey saved the few shots Hopkins could muster against a stifling Big Red defense and cleared them neatly, thereby becoming an important member of Cornell's fast-moving offense. When Hopkins finally got a goal with 26:55 of the game gone and the score 9-0, a boisterous contingent of Cornell fans cheered derisively. Mackesey left to a standing ovation with the score 16-3.

After the game, there was an awards ceremony on the field. As each Cornellian stepped forward to get his championship memento from an NCAA official, Moran shook the player's hand enthusiastically. When Mackesey's turn came, he grasped his coach's hand, hesitated, then suddenly wrapped Moran in a big hug and kissed him. "Oh!" blurted the coach in surprise. And then a very strange thing happened to Moran. For just a split second he fell silent.

END



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In Cuba, It's Viva El Grand Old Game



PHOTOGRAPHS BY LAKE STEWART



Magenta-shirted umpires and scoreboards without ads are among the revolutionary aspects of baseball in Fidel's country, where the sport remains the national passion and one firm link to the United States

by Ron Fimrite

CONTINUED



Biggest hero of Cuba's young street players is Don Miguel Cuevas (right), whose game—and life—improved once Che and his comrades took over



Cuba continued

The red team bus rumbles over rough roads cut through the green countryside of Pinar del Rio at the western tip of the island. It is nearly dusk, and the insistent verdancy of the rolling landscape is muted by a soft gray rain. Reynaldo Fernandez, an outfielder and designated hitter for the Camagüeyanos, the new baseball champions of Cuba, stares listlessly out a rain-washed window at passing banana trees and rice paddies. A portable radio spewing Latin music is fixed to his ear. The bus nearly stops as it crosses a narrow, rutted bridge. In a field below, a farm girl waves at the

strangers. Fernandez, who is 22, nods his approval. A teammate. He is wearing one of the red "Campeones" knit shirts that were awarded the players after their triumphant season, and tight-fitting white double-knit slacks. He slouches low in his seat, because like most of his teammates, he is more tired now than elated. Camagüey had clinched the championship several days earlier and then, with nothing more to gain, had lost the final three games of the season to Pinar del Rio. The players had been away from home for nine days, sleeping, as visiting Cuban players do, in bunks set up in the stadium locker rooms, eating mostly from clubhouse kitchens, scarcely leaving the ball park, eating and sleeping baseball. It is all over now, and it will be good to be home again.

"I hope I'm not too busy tonight," Fernandez says to a teammate. "I just may go look for women and dance."

But the looking will be hours away. The drive from the Captain San Luis Sta-

dium in Pinar del Rio to the San Julian Air Base will require two hours. There will be nearly an hour's wait among ferocious mosquitoes at the base, and the flight, aboard a small, Soviet-built passenger plane, will last two hours. There will be no champagne on this flight, only ham sandwiches and orange juice, fare hardly appropriate to champions.

But as the little plane drops in for a landing at the Ignacio Agramonte Airport in Camagüey, hordes of well-wishers are massed at the terminal. Their welcoming cheers are heard above the roar of the engines as the plane taxis onto the apron. The crowd surges forward when the engines stop. A band is playing spiritedly, though it can barely be heard through the din. Red and white banners salute the team. Camagüey's first to win the national championship. They also salute the revolution, which is comparable in the United States to hailing democracy. A com-

A radio at his ear, Camagüey's Fernandez could be a U.S. player. Only the rhythms are different



During their 10 p.m. motorcade into the center of Camagüey, the national champs were greeted by thousands of fans who later gulped down 10,000 cases of beer



EL PODER ES UNO EL DEL PUEBLO TRABAJAD



When Camagüey's champions returned home, the welcoming music was drowned out by cheers



Cuban baseball comprises a system of local, provincial and super-provincial teams. Here youngsters train under an exhortation to unity and work hard

mittee hurles forward to welcome the champions and Carlos Gomez, their boy manager. Gomez, 29, is a physical education instructor whose own playing career ended in the ninth grade. College-educated theoreticians are more numerous among Cuban managers than field-trained Sparky Andersons.

Flags flap lazily in the warm evening breeze. "Viva Camagüeyanos!" "Viva Béisbol!" Television lights illuminate the scene as the players are shepherded to a column of Soviet-made jeeps that will transport them in triumph up the Avenida Doble Villa, where crowds five deep await the Camagüeyanos, to the Plaza de Caridad, where there are thousands of other celebrants. There is to be a "Festival of Baseball," and it does not seem possible that there is a man, woman or

child among the city's 200,000 inhabitants who is not on the streets this magical night. Busloads of children follow the jeep caravan, the youngsters hanging out the windows and banging the sides of the buses in rhythm to the Spanish equivalent of "We're No. 1." Other children and adults scamper alongside the jeeps, shouting out their heroes' names—"Cruz!" "Díaz!" "Hernández!" Some leap aboard and dance on the seats.

At the plaza, everyone is dancing—a pretty red-haired young girl with a portly man in a floppy straw hat, a shrunken old man all alone, whirling crazily in widening circles. There are chunks of ice on the sidewalks, and the good Cuban beer is everywhere (10,000 cases of it will be quaffed in a 12-block area this night). The players are hurried by the police and their

auxiliaries through the roistering masses to a reception given them and their families by INDER, the National Sports Institute, in a courtyard secluded from the main plaza. But the townspeople, unaccustomed in a socialist society to such exclusivity, rush the gates to the yard, bending them perilously near to breaking, flattening the police protectors against the gates like cartoon characters. It takes perhaps an hour for the authorities to drive the celebrants off. Later there are renewed assaults on the barricades.

In the courtyard, the players dance and eat and laugh and drink with the invited guests. A band—a tenor saxophone, three electric guitars, an electric piano and drums—doggedly blots a tune composed for the occasion, Camagüey Campeons.

No one can say how many revelers there are (the estimates would go as high as several hundred thousand), but there can be no question that the enthusiasm for baseball in this ancient and cobbled-

continued

Cuban players eat and sleep baseball when they're on the road. Their meals are prepared in stadium kitchens and they bunk in clubhouses



A meeting of two eras: a pre-revolution loved Cadillac and the modern post-Castro baseball stadium at Pinar del Rio that seats 15,000



Cuba continued

stoned city in the heart of communist Cuba is big league. So unrestrained is the outpouring of affection for the champions, the celebration could just as well be happening in another heartland city, Cincinnati, Ohio.

The next day, Miguel Cuevas is burdened with what he euphemistically describes as "a certain grogginess." He is

the greatest living baseball hero in Camagüey, probably in all of Cuba. Three times he led the National Series, the Cuban major league, in homers and runs batted in. His 86 RBIs during the 54-game season in 1968 are a record, and he is the career RBI leader in Cuban baseball. He was batting champion in 1966 and led the league in hits in 1964. He was named the Outstanding Player in the Province of Camagüey every year from 1963 through 1968 and again in 1970, and he was Cuba's Outstanding Player from 1966 through '68. He is an outfielder on the Cuban all-time All-Star team. If he is not the Babe Ruth of his country, he is at least as Jose DiMaggio. "He is an idol," says Havana journalist Jaime Caminada. "Everywhere he walks on the streets, he is recognized. In a baseball crowd, even Fidel would not receive the recognition of Don Miguel." It is always "Fidel" in Cuba, never President Castro. SPORT IS THE RIGHT OF THE PEOPLE—FIDEL reads a typically huge poster on the walls of the Havana sports coliseum. And it is always "Don Miguel," a mark of the respect given the retired player. We would call him "Mike."

Don Miguel may appear a trifle wan the day after the great celebration, but he is alert, nevertheless. And at 42, he remains athletically trim and muscular through the shoulders. Slightly balding, mustachioed and chocolate-colored, he looks like a Moorish lord. The living room of his tidy, two-story home in Camagüey is dominated by the fierce image of Che Guevara staring balefully from the wall behind the Don's favorite chair. After a few days in Cuba, the omnipresent visage of Fidel, Che and the 19th-century poet martyr, José Martí, become as familiar as wallet photos of one's own children. In photographs or as statues, these giants seem to gaze down on you from every building. On another wall in Cuevas' home is a giant scroll commemorating his retirement from baseball three years ago after 20 seasons of distinguished play. It is personally signed by Fidel, a signal honor, the only such scroll ever awarded a Cuban ballplayer.

But Cuevas is not so much occupied with his baseball past this day as with his teaching future. Only 20 days before, he received his degree as an instructor of physical education. For the past few years he has been teaching 11- to 18-year-old schoolchildren the finer points of hitting a baseball. His goal now is to be as

fine a teacher as he was a player. He is a proud man, and his sleepy eyes brighten as he recalls his arduous climb up the academic ladder.

"I had only a seventh-grade education until 1964," he says earnestly. "From then on, I played baseball. I studied and I worked in the sugar refineries. Before the revolution, I looked for a way of life and could not find it. I would work in the factories and play baseball for the owners. If there was a poor sugar harvest, I might work only three months of the year. I had peon jobs. I was badly off. I had no home and little work. I was living with my mother-in-law. I really can't explain how it was. I was on the streets often, out of work and broke. Oh, I guess I had the opportunity to play professional baseball, but I never did sign. I spent my time before the revolution looking for something to do. After the revolution, I was a baseball player, a worker and a student. It wasn't a thing of making a living. Playing ball gave me a life-style. It made it possible for me to get what I always wanted—a diploma, this house for my 10 children."

Most Cuban ballplayers deny that baseball, the national sport, has provided them with anything more than a few shortcuts through the sometimes unfaithful bureaucratic maze. The game cannot be a full-time occupation. All Cubans must either work or go to school. To take time off from their principal occupations to play baseball, athletes must acquire a sports license. And when the season is over, they must return to the job or the classroom. "Any worker could have what I have," Sandalio Hernández, Camagüey's star centerfielder, claims. "Playing baseball just made it a little easier to get things." However, Cuevas freely acknowledges that the game has given him everything—home, furnishings, television set, Russian car. But, as a national hero, he is considered an exception.

Unlike the children of the revolution, Cuevas retains a lively interest in American baseball, although he is finding it increasingly difficult because big league scores are no longer printed in the government-owned Cuban newspapers, and television coverage is rare. His American heroes are the heroes of his boyhood.

"I have seen many films of Ruth, Gehrig, Ted Williams, Joe DiMaggio," he says. "I modeled my batting stance on DiMaggio's—feet spread far apart. Ah, the Yankee Clipper. You see, I know the

continued



Centerfielder Hernandez, a .321 hitter, is good enough to play in the major leagues

Gregarious Catcher Cruz is considered a "payaso" (fakel) by local baseball experts





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Cuba continued

nicknames. But I always loved the Brooklyn team. I don't think anyone in Cuba worked the day Don Larsen pitched the perfect game against the Dodgers in 1956. I felt bad for what happened to my team, but good for Larsen. So many Cubans tried to copy his way of pitching without a windup after that, but the style was his, not ours. Ah, that game stands out the most for me. The Yankees? Those damn Yankees? But Brooklyn was my team. They broke the black barrier. It was Brooklyn that accepted Jackie Robinson. Oh, I saw the film *The Jackie Robinson Story* many times. The difficulties he had. The problems he faced. I could feel for him. And how good it was of players like Pee Wee Reese to accept him. Reese was admired very much in Cuba for that. I cannot say that race was the only reason I liked the Dodgers, but it certainly helped. You must realize we are just normal people here. The only difference between your players and ours is that yours are paid and ours have jobs."

The American influences on Cuban life, sporting and otherwise, necessarily ceased after Fidel's revolution succeeded in January 1959, but remarkably enough, many of those pre-Castro influences persist to this day. For a visitor from the United States, entering today's Cuba is like eerily stepping into another generation, like discovering oneself adrift in a Guy Madison movie, like climbing again into the back seat of a familiar car with the prom queen. The years—20, 25 of them—slip gently away. The automobiles, laboring down Cuban streets and highways are relics from the '40s and the '50s, dogged survivors of commerce between the two nations. They patter past in memory-jogging profusion, those upside-down bathtub Ninsies, those Kaisers and Henry J's, those Studebakers that seemed to head in two directions at once, those tail-finned monstrosities from General Motors. There are even Edsels. Could that be the '48 Buick that was rammed into a light standard after the party at Bob Vance's house so long ago? Is that the '50 Ford that was stolen outside the Telegraph Hill apartment house? There they are, these motorized ghosts, still running—or not running, because the spectacle of a disabled '52 Ford, its ancient hood raised, anxious motorist peering hopelessly at decrepit intards, is as common to modern Cuba as a Marti bust outside a school building.

Ask a Cuban player which American

player has influenced him most, and he will name Ted Williams or Mickey Mantle. They have seen the training films, the last shipped here before relations between Cuba and the U.S. disintegrated. But if one has access, as some Cuban journalists do, to foreign wire-service reports, it is possible that the name Johnny Bench will stand for something other than personalized furniture. Caminada, the *INDER* magazine writer, keeps up. "We will see when Joe Morgan [the two names become one: Joemorgan] gets here, if he can get to second base," he says. And Caminada's colleague, Edel Casas, keeps up, too. Every day he saunters down the street to Agence France Presse to learn how many homers Reggie Jackson has hit. Caminada and Casas are Yankee fans, convinced that the game's most bloated capitalists have spent their money wisely.

Cuevas, the old ballplayer, also has done pretty well at following the modern game. He lags only about 10 years behind. During a recent discussion of hitting techniques, he felt compelled to rise to his feet and demonstrate a point. "They pitch Lou Brock outside all the time," he assumes a left-handed stance as he speaks of the 1967 World Series between the Cardinals and the Red Sox. "They pitch him outside, and he hits the ball to left field. 'Aha,' say the Red Sox. 'We will pitch him inside now. That will stop him. So they do.'" Cuevas takes a hefty swing with his imaginary bat. "Home run! That Lou Brock. He is a good hitter."

An estimated 493,000 Cubans out of a total population of about nine million play some form of organized baseball, either in school or in the complicated system established by the government's Cuban Baseball Federation. In essence, the season runs the year round, though at the very top level it lasts only from late February through early May. It involves a fiercely competitive weeding-out process that begins in the towns and villages and finishes at what might be called the super-provincial level. From the multitude of municipal teams, the best players are selected to represent the 14 provinces. After a 39-game season at this level, the best of these players are picked to play on the seven teams representing the seven original provinces (Cuba was segmented into 14 provinces in May of 1975). All the players are on teams representing their home provinces, so that

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Cuba continued

fan identification is an important factor in Cuba, the home team is just that.

The seven top teams then play a 54-game schedule that is called the National Series. The winner, Camagüey this year, is the national champion. It is possible, under this rather involved system, for a player to perform for as many as three teams, all based relatively near his home, and to appear in many more than 100 games. However, the best players compete only on the provincial and super-provincial levels in a season of 93 games (39 provincial, 54 super-provincial) that lasts 4½ months.

But baseball does not end for the country's stars with the crowning of the national champion, because from the seven teams in the National Series an All-Star squad is selected to represent Cuba in international competition. Because only amateur teams take part in international baseball, Cuba is unexcelled in this sort of play. For example, its national team has not lost in the prestigious Pan-American Games since 1967. Playing on the national team, representing the country against other nations, is considered the ultimate distinction in Cuban baseball. A player's worth is measured not in pesos, but by the number of times he has been selected for the national team.

Beyond the considerable honor involved, playing on the national team offers rare opportunities for travel. Cuevas has performed in Puerto Rico, Jamaica, Venezuela, Mexico, Brazil, Peru, Korea, China, India, Egypt, Russia, East and West Germany, England and Canada. Even a somewhat lesser star, Camagüey's Hernandez (a .321 hitter), has played extensively in Europe and in Central and South America. Thus, the allure of playing for the New York Yankees is lost on Cuban players reared since the revolution. "To defend Cuba in international competition is what we strive for," says Hernandez. Unpaid, the Cuban plays for honor, pride, patriotism, fan adulation and government fringe benefits, not necessarily in that order. These, apparently, are reward enough. When the splendid young Las Villas rightfielder, Lourdes Gourriel, was asked if he would accept \$1 million to play major league baseball in the United States, he looked as indignant as if someone had proposed that he seek employment in some tenderloin district massage parlor. "I do not," he replied in a level tone, "sell myself for money."

More's the pity, for a player of Gourriel's youth and natural ability would have big league scouts weeping tears of gratitude in backwater Holiday Inns all across the U.S. Six-foot-one and 180 pounds, he is a 19-year-old former sprinter who has a fine throwing arm and who hit .348 in his, his rookie season in the National Series. The Cuban stars' apparent unwillingness to defect and pursue the rich and merry life of a big-leaguer confounds some American baseball people. Preston Gomez, a Dodger coach and a Cuban, feels his countrymen are missing an opportunity for growth. After a recent visit to Cuba he said, "Baseball is the only sport there where the players don't have the opportunity to compete with those better than they are. . . . Those players reach a certain age, and then they stand still. They don't make progress. They have several players there that, if they had had the opportunity five or six years ago to come to the States, would be playing in the big leagues now." Irrelevant, say the Cubans. "We have our game," says Las Villas First Baseman Antonio Muñoz, "and you have yours."

The Cuban fan has at least one profound advantage over his American counterpart: admission to all games is free. He pays only for his food and his beloved beer, though the brew is sold exclusively at bars beneath the stands and may not be carried back to the seats. Because all of the National Series ball parks have been built—or, like the 46-year-old Estadio Latinoamericano in Havana, rebuilt—since the revolution, they are generally comfortable, though hardly as plush as the more modern American stadiums. The country's oldest ball park, in Matanzas, erected in the 19th century, is being converted into a hall of fame to accommodate artifacts of Cuba's rich baseball history.

The first game in Cuba was played on Dec. 27, 1874 with Havana defeating the home team, Matanzas, 51-9. The Havana leftfielder that day was Emilio Sabourin, who was to become the A. G. Spalding of Cuban baseball. He was influential in the organization of the country's first—and the world's second—professional league in 1878. It was formed only two years after the National League in the U.S. Sabourin achieved coveted martyrdom at 44 when he died in the Spanish prison, Castillo de la Hacha, on July 5, 1897 during what Cubans rightfully call their war for independence and we have

named—eschewing any reference to the principal combatant—the Spanish-American War.

Cuban baseball prospered after his death. The country took to the game with an enthusiasm rivaled only by that of its neighbor to the north. A number of pro leagues were formed, and Havana was represented in the American minor leagues, most notably in the Triple-A International League from 1954 to 1960. Most of the best players made their way to the States. Altogether, 98 Cubans have either played or managed in the major leagues, including such longtime stars as Pitcher Adolfo Luque, who won 194 games in his 20-year career and 27 in the 1923 season for Cincinnati, and Minnie Minoso, now a White Sox coach, whose last at bat a year ago made him one of only a handful of players whose careers have spanned four decades. The contemporary Cuban stars of U.S. baseball are Tony Perez, Mike Cuellar, Luis Tiant, Bert Campaneris, Jose Cardenal and Tino Fuentes. And it was a Cuban, Miguel (Mike) Gonzalez, a former manager and player, who coined one of the game's more memorable expressions: "Good field, no hit."

One Cuban who did not find his way into the major leagues was Martin Dihijo, whom many consider the finest player the island has ever produced. An outfielder and pitcher of Ruthian versatility, Dihijo, a black, had the bad timing to reach maturity during the 1930s, when baseball in the United States was a white man's game. Until his recent selection to Cooperstown by the special committee on black players, Dihijo's fame had not reached beyond his island, but it long has been firmly entrenched there. His bust is alongside the revered Luque's in the foyer of the Estadio Latinoamericano.

The Estadio itself is really two ball parks, pre- and post-revolution. The 46-year-old covered grandstand has been gussied up with fresh paint and new seats. The outfield sections were completed in 1971 by volunteer labor, the product of revolutionary sporting fervor. The whole—25,000 old seats, 30,000 new—looks as if it is one part Comiskey Park and one part Riverfront Stadium. The hybrid is Cuba's largest stadium, an impressive structure for all the commingling. The outfield fences are somewhat closer to the plate than in most major league parks—325 feet at the foul lines, 345 in

the power alleys and 400 to dead center—but the air is heavy and balls do not seem to carry well. The fences are painted a subdued green, unblemished, of course, by advertising signs, there being none in Cuba. However, the foul poles are lighted for night games, an innovation the big leagues would do well to consider. The electric scoreboard does not transmit quizzes and cartoons, nor does it welcome Kowansans from Matanzas, but it does list the batting orders and advise the fans of each batter's average.

A May 7 doubleheader at the Estadio matched second-place Las Villas with third-place Havana. Cuban games begin precisely as scheduled, and this twin bill was under way at 6 p.m. sharp, following the playing of the *Himno Nacional*, an anthem from Mari's, not Castro's, revolution. The four umpires offered the first stark contrast, a sartorial one, with the American game. While they wore the traditional dark blue hats and trousers, their silken shirts were of a lustrous magenta. The Las Villas team was all in orange, an outfit pioneered and ultimately rejected by the Baltimore Orioles. Havana was stylistically indebted to the Reds, with white double-knits, red stockings and caps. There was a notable absence of uniformity at shortstop—Las Villas' Pedro Jova sported a green batting helmet and Havana's Rodolfo Puente appeared all in shocking pink, the result, one assumes, of carelessly tossing his uniform socks in the wash with his trousers and shirt.

There were several immediately apparent differences between the Cuban game and the one played in the American and National Leagues. For the first time in the National Series, Cuban batters this year were swinging aluminum bats, which are manufactured in the United States, but obtained through friendlier Central American countries. The metal bats have the twin virtues of lasting longer and costing the government less. They have also led to dramatic increases in both batting averages and home runs. The bat controversy in Cuba is comparable to the artificial-turf issue in American baseball, with the anti-aluminum forces insisting that such artificiality leads to inflated averages and affects the continuity of the game.

But Cuban pitchers are not without their own resources. For one, they are not required to toss up a lily-white ball on every delivery. A Cuban ball is al-

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lowed to stay in play long after its whiteness has turned to yellow or green, so that in a twilight game, the ball must appear to the hitters as if it were a section of the fence rushing toward them. Not even foul balls hit into the stands disappear from the game, in the interests of the national economy, they are returned to the field by the spectators. Those fans with strong enough arms risk the long throw onto the field from the back seats. Others simply pass the *pelota* forward until someone nearer the field can bounce it back into action. It is a cooperative effort that seems possible only in a controlled society. The last time it happened in the U.S. must have been during World War II, when the squandering of any product seemed an act of treason.

Under any circumstances, Cubans cannot be much for souvenir hunting. There are no peddlers inside or outside the parks, and with free admission, there are no cap, bat, jacket or what-have-you days. The Cuban fan waves no pennant, wears no button or jacket that would identify him with his team. Instead, he sits there in the national uniform—colored sport shirt and lightweight slacks. Because there has been a paper shortage for the past year, he does not even use a scorecard. Still, he stays in the game, rising up, as he cannot against his government, to question the authority of the umpires. He bellows insults at the opposing team and generally misbehaves as baseball fans everywhere do.

There were perhaps 5,000 fans in the Estadio at the start of the Las Villas-Havana doubleheader, but by the beginning of the second game, their number had increased to about 20,000, close to the average crowd for games in the bull park. Roughly two million fans watched the 90 games played by the two Havana teams this spring. That, of course, is an estimate, there being no tickets or turnstiles.

Cuban players are not permitted to appear on the field with long hair or beards, though some shave the regulation with rakish sideburns and tawny mustaches. In matters of dress, all Cuban teams look like the Cincinnati Reds, who are similarly restricted. There is no artificial turf in Cuba, and the basepaths are swept in the middle innings, not by nubile teenagers in hot pants, but by middle-aged groundkeepers in coveralls. The umpires are generally successful at speeding up the action, and few Cuban games last

longer than two hours. Despite a 10-1 Havana win in the first game, the Las Villas-Havana doubleheader required only 4½ hours—or about as long as it takes the Phillies and the Cubs to play nine innings in Wrigley Field on a day when the wind is blowing out.

There were several players on both sides good enough to arouse one's old scouting instincts. The lean and swift Gourniel was one. Jova, the shortstop in the green hat, was another. In the third inning of the first game, he roamed well behind second base to take a hit away from Havana's Eulogio Orsorio. And in the eighth inning of the second game, he started an inning-ending double play with a brilliant backhand stab. He is lanky in the Mark Belanger mold, nearly as quick as Dave Concepcion, and he is only 25. Havana's second baseman, Rey Vicente Anglada, fields well, hits .300 and leads the league in stolen bases. "The Joe-morgan of Cuba," he is called by Jaime Camunada, who admits to being an unbending Havana zealot. Muñoz, Las Villas' 28-year-old first baseman, looks like a left-handed Tony Perez. At 6' 2½" and 210 pounds, he is known as *El Gigante del Escambray*, a reference to his size and to his home in the mountains of central Cuba. The Cubans have a refreshing penchant for nicknaming their favorites, a practice sadly fallen into disuse among the more jaded U.S. fans. Muñoz is such an effective pull hitter that opponents position their shortstop on the right-field side of second base whenever he comes up. It is known, naturally, as "the Williams Shift." Agustín Marquetti, the Havana first baseman, is an even more powerful hitter—he holds the National Series home run record of 21.

But easily the most impressive player on either team and, quite possibly in all of Cuba, is Las Villas' third baseman, 21-year-old Pedro José (Chento) Rodríguez, a heavily muscled, 5' 10", 190-pound longshoreman. Last year Rodríguez became the youngest player ever selected to the National Team, and if he should continue to play in Cuba, as he stoutly says he will, he should set a record for number of appearances on the squad. This season he led the National Series in home runs with 16. He is also a nimble fielder with a good arm. He has ambitions of becoming the best in his game, and he has an amiable disposition. Buy the house a round at the Holiday Inn!

In the second game of the Las Villas-

Havana doubleheader, Rodríguez started two double plays with exceptional stats behind third and drove in three runs with a bases-loaded single and a line-shot home run that carried more than 400 feet into the left center-field bleachers. Twice he was intentionally walked.

But, like his teammate, Gourniel, he is a Cuban first, a ballplayer next. He is intrigued by the possibility of soon playing against a big league All-Star team, because it would offer him a chance to test his skills against the acknowledged best. He insists his interest in U.S. baseball stops there. "I want to play against the Americans," he said from his bunk in the Havana clubhouse. "Not with them." Hold that round!

The Cuban batters, swinging their metal bats, seem lethal enough, and the fielding is generally of a high order. The outfielders run and throw with at least Triple-A skills, and shortstops like Jova have fine mobility. The Cubans are superb bunters, although their affection for this tactic seems almost obsessive. Gourniel, the 348 hitter, sacrificed against Havana with his team leading 5-2 in the late innings, hardly the occasion for a one-run-at-a-time strategy.

An acknowledged weakness is the pitching. Most Cuban pitchers are junk-ball specialists, sidearm curveballers who either will not or cannot throw the high hard one. In an admittedly cursory examination of the Cuban game, only one pitcher, Havana's Manuel Rivero, was seen to cut loose, an overhand delivery, and he was too wild to be effective. "The three-quarter or sidearm style is easier to control," explains Pinar del Río's Julio Romero, who has won as many as 10 games in National Series play. "Because most of the hitters here are right-handed, the sidearm pitch is harder to hit." Perhaps, but there seems to be an excess of Cuellar and too little Seaver in the Cuban pitcher's makeup. There also seems to be a significant shortage of good left-handers with control, Las Villas' Aniceto Montes de Oca being a notable exception. But he, too, is a sidewinder.

The most baffling aspect of the Cuban game is a propensity for the bonehead play. A game will progress smoothly, even brilliantly, and then a totally alien element will be introduced. It is as if Laurel and Hardy were to appear without warning in an Ingmar Bergman film. Some Cuban games are reminiscent of the old vaudeville routine where immac-

continued

lately attired ballroom dancers performed with great skill and grace until one of them, usually the woman, took a pratfall. There were enough of these maddening, near-come blunders in the final three games of the Cuban season to transform Alvin Dark into an apostle of Beelzebub.

In the second inning of the first Havana-Las Villas game, Las Villas' Valentin Leon neglected, for some unfathomable reason, to slide on a steal attempt, allowing himself to be caught at second by a poor throw from Havana Catcher Pedro Medina. An inning later, Las Villas base runner Alberto Martinez tarried so long at third when a low throw bounced past Marquetti at first that he was easily nailed at the plate after he belatedly decided to make a run for it. In the eighth inning, Marquetti countered with his own base-running boner, standing transfixed between first and second with one out as a pop-up settled into the glove of Las Villas Second Baseman Rigoberto Rodriguez. Marquetti was promptly doubled off first.

In the second inning of a Pinar del Rio-Camagney game the next day, Pinar Second Baseman Felix Iglesias failed to run out a ground ball to second that he had an excellent chance of beating out. In the fourth inning, Camagney Third Baseman Vicente Diaz booted a grounder halfway to center field, and then with no chance whatsoever of catching Pinar base runner Luis Casanova, threw the ball away, allowing Casanova to advance into scoring position. In the sixth inning of that game, the normally reliable Hernandez fielded a hit-and-run single to center and foolishly threw to third, thereby allowing the hitter to jog unchallenged into second.

But just when one starts to lose faith in the Cuban game, a Rodriguez will connect with a picture swing, and a Gourriel will glide to the fence to spear a certain extra-base hit. The physical prowess is undeniable.

"We have the expression 'good hands,' Do you?" Cuevas inquires.

"Yes, but what do you call a player we call a flake?"

"Ah," says Caminada, "a payaso, a clown. But our game does not permit that kind of levity."

"Perhaps, but sometimes such people are good for the game," says Hernandez. "Look at Pedro Cruz, our catcher. He talks to everybody—fans, opponents,

umpires, everybody. He is always talking. And sometimes he is so eager he gets to first base to back up a play faster than the base runner does.

"And what of 'hot dogs' You know, a player who makes the easy plays look difficult, who does what we like to call 'showboating'?"

"Yes," says Caminada, "a *postulista*. But our public knows so much about the game that such abnormal behavior is disapproved. The fans would shout at him."

"Tito Fuentes, a Cuban, is considered a *postulista* in our country."

"Yes," says Cuevas sadly, "he was like that when he played here."

The little bus rented by the visiting journalists bounced along the highway between Camagney and Havana. Filaments of smoke from sugar refineries rose in the distance, across the infinity of green grass. There were cattle farms and pig farms and chicken farms, and in the villages children played baseball in the cramped streets, sometimes with sticks for bats and small rubber balls. Every town of any size seemed to have a ball park, some so ancient they looked like crumbling Spanish missions, others bright, new and freshly painted.

Caminada, the magazine writer for *INDER's* propaganda division, was holding court on the bus. He is a gigantic man, several inches over six feet, many pounds over 300. He shifted his bulk clumsily in the small aisle seat, Jaime (it is pronounced Hyme) is a good laughter, and he laughs often, particularly at his situation as a tour guide and, to his surprise, amigo of the Americans.

The old cars on the highway amuse him as much as they do his charges. "There, there," he shouts, "a Henry J. I bet you do not have cars like that left in your country. I love them. Look, a Nash Rambler. Ahh . . ."

Reading an American magazine, he spotted a photograph of David Niven in an advertisement—"Davidniven, Englishman. Oh, I like very much your movies, Tyronepower I saw recently in *The Black Swan*. And *Harper*, with Paul Newman. We also see the classics—Chaplin, the Marx brothers. And the plays—Arthur Miller, Tennessee Williams. Much of the sex is cut out. It is difficult when literature becomes political. Where do you draw the line? But, you know, we are allowed to be critical of institutions here. I wrote a story about a baseball loss to

Panama that people still speak about."

He urged the others to regard his considerable bulk. "We have our troubles here," he said. "I do not deny that. But, look, things cannot be too bad if I am any example." He laughed. "Why don't we stop up the road for a beer."

The evening rain started late that night. Earlier, at sunset, Havana viewed from the balcony of the Habana Libre (née Hilton) Hotel was a crazy quilt of riotous color: the blue sea, green parks, broad gray boulevards, orange tiled roofs, and buildings, very old and very new, painted blue, green and yellow. In the distance, on a hilltop to the south, rose a stark white statue of the martyred Marti. Marti was a poet and intellectual, an essayist and newspaperman, as well as a revolutionary. Old photos of him show him to have been bespectacled and lightly bearded. He had no fierceness in his face. In the pictures, he invariably wears a necktie and a starched collar, and he looks rather a small man. But in his numberless statues, he is as Michelangelo's David, a marble, naked musclemann.

Havana is no longer the Sodom of the Antilles, where gambling and prostitution flourished. It is a workman's town now, its only vice is dullness. And so, after dark, the illuminated Marti is the brightest object in Havana. But when the rain came well after midnight, it fell so heavily and violently that even this one beacon was dimmed to a faint glow. The city was visible only when the lightning flashed. Terrible thunder was the only sound that could be heard above the roar of the rain. The city's scents were washed away, too. The storm obliterated Havana. The storm was all that could be seen, heard or smelled.

Cuba, from Marti's rebellion through Castro's, has often been in such storms, and for too long it looked as if the latest one might never clear up. But the clouds are lifting, and the strangers north and south are seeing each other again. They have in common a simple game, one that Cubans can not share with their friends in Eastern Europe. "The Russians have yet to come up with a good left-handed hitter," says Don Miguel Cuevas, one of whose sons is a student in the U.S.S.R.

After a few minutes, the great storm let up. The sheets of rain dwindled to drops. There was a softening in the night air, an easy silence. And off in the distance, shining brightly again, was José Marti. Kind of a friend by now. **END**



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"CLYDE'S JULY" WAS A POWERFUL TRIP FOR A JOURNEYMAN NAMED VOLLNER

It's hard to say whether it was a hunch or desperation that prompted Red Sox Manager Steve O'Neill to pencil the name Clyde Vollmer into the seventh spot of his July 4, 1951 lineup. In six previous big-league seasons, Vollmer, a muscular, moonfaced Dutchman from Cincinnati, had proven himself nothing more than a journeyman outfielder. He is vaguely remembered by a couple of Red Sox teammates as a "nice guy." "Clyde was a loner. He seemed to like being off by himself sipping a beer," recalls All-Star Second Baseman Bobby Doerr. "He wasn't like me. He didn't say much," adds big Walt Dropo. Neither Doerr nor Dropo can explain "Clyde's July." Vollmer can't either.

Vollmer made his big-league debut in 1942 with the Reds. Though at 6' 1", 185 pounds he had the look of a slugger, he had hit only 23 homers by the time he joined the Red Sox in early 1950, and he seemed to have as much chance of becoming a hero as Ted Williams had of being elected Mr. Congeniality by the Boston press. But during July 1951, Vollmer earned the nickname Circuit Clyde in recognition of his suddenly acquired talent for hitting dramatic home runs.

In a span of 26 games beginning on Independence Day, Vollmer hit 13 homers, one triple, four doubles and 13 singles for a remarkable .731 slugging average. He knocked in 40 runs and scored 25 to account for 40% of his team's run production for the month.

The 1951 race was a four-team affair involving Boston, Cleveland, Chicago and the defending World Champion Yankees. In the opener of the July 4 doubleheader at Philadelphia, Vollmer contributed a home run in the Red Sox's 9-0 win, and he singled in the nightcap as Boston completed a sweep to move to within 2½ games of the league-leading White Sox. The next day Vollmer doubled and scored as the Red Sox won

6-3 and narrowed the gap to two games.

Then in the opener of a crucial three-game series against the Yankees on July 6, he socked a two-run triple off Eddie Lopat to spark a 6-2 Boston win. The following day, Vollmer hit a first-inning grand-slam home run off Alie Reynolds, and Boston breezed to a 10-4 win to tie the Yankees for second place and remain a game behind the White Sox. During the series finale, his eighth-inning homer off Vic Raschi gave Boston a 4-3 lead. The Red Sox went on to win 6-3 and move ahead of the Yankees, a game back of Chicago.

If the White Sox thought the three-day All-Star break would have a cooling effect on Vollmer's bat, they were in for a jolt when the "Battle of the Sox" began on July 12 in Chicago. In the seventh inning of the first game of a two-night doubleheader, Vollmer hit a two-run homer to give Boston the lead. The Red Sox went on to win 3-2 and tie for first place. In the second game, Vollmer's long fly in the top of the 17th knocked in the deciding run in a 5-4 victory, Boston's eighth straight. It gave the Red Sox sole possession of first place.

The White Sox halted the Boston streak the next night in 19 innings, but they could not stop Vollmer. In the top of the 19th, he singled home the go-ahead run, but Chicago bottled back to win 5-4. The next day, Boston trailed 2-1 in the ninth when Vollmer came through with a clutch single to win the game 3-2. It was the sixth time in seven games that he had delivered the game-winning hit.

Vollmer singled in each of the four games on July 15, 16 and 17 to run his streak to 14, but the Red Sox lost three times and fell back into a tie for the lead with Chicago.

He regained his home-run stroke on July 18 in Cleveland, when he started a three-run fifth inning with his sixth homer of the month. In the next inning, Vollmer walked and scored the decisive run in the 4-3 Boston win that put the Red Sox a game ahead once again.

Vollmer's consecutive hitting streak reached 16 the following night. In the second inning, he smacked a two-run homer off Early Wynn to stake Boston to an early lead. In the 11th, he socked his second home run of the game to again put the Red Sox in front, but the Indians bounced back to win 5-4. Tiger Pitcher Marlin Stuart stopped Vollmer's streak the following day when he beat the Red

Sox 6-1, but the next afternoon against Virgil Trucks, Vollmer connected for a two-run homer in the second and doubled home Billy Goodman in the fourth to clinch a 6-3 Red Sox win. On July 22, Detroit held Vollmer hitless; still he managed to knock in a run as the Red Sox staggered to a 10-9 victory. Meanwhile in St. Louis, the Yanks were sweeping a doubleheader to tie Boston for first place.

Vollmer's two most powerful performances came on July 26 and 28, when he was a one-man gang in games with the White Sox and Indians. In the first inning against Chicago, he clouted his 15th home run; in the fifth, he hit his 16th; and in the sixth, he blasted his 17th—and 12th of the month—to break a 10-10 tie and win the game for Boston.

Vollmer reached his peak on July 28 against Cleveland. With the Indians leading 3-2 in the bottom of the 15th, he came through with a single to pull the Red Sox even. In the 16th, with Cleveland again a run ahead, Boston bottled back to lead the bases for Vollmer. Indian Manager Al Lopez made a frantic call to the Cleveland bullpen and in came Bob Feller for a rare relief appearance. Feller needed just two pitches to end the game: the first was a ball and the second went sailing out of Fenway Park for Circuit Clyde's second grand slam of the month.

A crowd of 33,000 came out on July 29 to see if Vollmer could do it again. Eight times in 21 days his bat had bailed Boston out. As the game came down to the Red Sox's last turn at bat with Boston trailing 5-4, he had the chance to do it once more. Goodman reached first on an error and Vollmer stepped into the batter's box. This time Lopez stayed with his starter, Mike Garcia, who threw three pitches, all of them swinging strikes, and Clyde's July was over.

Never in an entire season would Vollmer match his July 1951 home-run total of 13. Although he had boosted his average 20 points during the month, he ended the season hitting .251, which turned out to be his lifetime average. In early 1953, the Red Sox shipped Vollmer to Washington. As a Boston executive said, "We just didn't have a place to play him with Williams in left. The other two outfield spots were too tough for his limited abilities."

Vollmer closed out his big-league career after the 1954 season and went home to Cincinnati. He had hit only two home runs that year.

END

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*Suggested Price

19TH HOLE THE READERS TAKE OVER

CENTER OF THE STORM

Sir,

Your article on Bill Walton and the Trail Blazers (*L.A. Couldn't Move the Mountain*, May 23) was surprisingly accurate in its account of the events leading to the Portland sweep of L.A. in the playoffs. But I take exception to the caption on the cover: "Walton Outduels Abdul-Jabbar." Indeed, I can appreciate your fantasy but it will never be realized. Under no circumstances did Walton "outduel" Abdul-Jabbar. He was simply surrounded by better personnel. The most persuasive argument that Abdul-Jabbar is the best center in basketball is this—put Walton on the Lakers and Abdul-Jabbar on the Trail Blazers. Don't you agree there would be no contest? Of course, you do.

LINDA JONES
Inglewood, Calif.

Sir,

You do an injustice to the only man who can score over mountains. Abdul-Jabbar is the greatest thing that's happened in basketball since the backboard. Walton is great, too, but without the help of "78 billion Oregonians and their grandchildren," Maurice Lucas, and the Trail Blazer guard of your choice, the Mountain Man didn't stand a snowball's chance in hell of stopping Abdul-Jabbar. If the rest of the Lakers hadn't been standing around doing Statue of Liberty imitations that Marcel Marceau would have been proud of, Portland wouldn't have been able to double- and triple-team Abdul-Jabbar. There ain't no one who can put the stops on Kareem one-on-one, let alone "outduel" him.

MICHAEL C. LINDER
Apalachin, N.Y.

HEAVYWEIGHT MATTERS

Sir,

I watched the Norton-Bobek fight and also the Ali-Evangelista bout. After reading *Make Him 35 and One* (May 23), I realized I wasn't the only one to complain about these mismatches. Why does the public pay so much to see these fights? Isn't there anything that can be done, for instance, to make Ali fight Norton? I don't understand how Ali can tell Norton to fight Young, yet be backing down from these fights himself. If Ali is to remain champion, he should stop wasting everyone's time and money and fight the main contenders.

MARY ANNA HARVEY
Allenstown, Pa.

continued

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ON ICE

Sir:

I would like to thank your whole staff for the finest Stanley Cup coverage it has produced in some time—three consecutive issues containing 11 color photographs, one cover and three full-length articles!

SPENCER ROSSMAN
Scarsdale, N.Y.

Sir:

Your article *They Ruined the Bruins* (May 23) was certainly right: no one can beat the Canadiens no matter where they play. When you have the combination of Guy Lafleur and Serge Savard, and the goaltending of Ken Dryden, it is like aluminum trying to bend steel.

STEVE KOLBERG
Duluth

COME HOME BILL HARTACK

Sir:

We'll think God somebody finally noticed! I was beginning to think everyone had forgotten. Here's to Frank Deford, Hong Kong, Viking, last place, and most of all Bill

Hartack! I salute all five with heartfelt enthusiasm.

Hartack (*A Hero Who Has Gone on to Happy Valley*, May 23) is the only jockey I thoroughly admire and respect, and that includes Arcaro and Shoemaker. Hartack's good, and will always be good. Arcaro was good until he retired, Longden was good until he retired and Shoemaker will be good until he quits.

The problem is not enough people seem to know how good Hartack is. I know it. And if I owned racehorses I'd have him brought back. However, a racehorse costs more than \$139.28, which is all I have at present. Hartack should be here, in this country, where we need good riders, where we need someone with guts, pride, honesty, skill and knowledge.

BETH MINSER
Oklahoma City

HONDO ON THE RUN

Sir:

Hey, hold it, just one little minute. John Havlicek's pedometer "logged eight miles in

43 minutes' playing time" (SCORECARD, May 16)? No way. Five-plus minutes per mile for eight consecutive miles of dribbling, passing, shooting, blocking, etc.? At age 37?

I always thought Havlicek must be related to Superman, but this is ridiculous.

ALFRED J. HANLON
Alexandria, Va.

Sir:

With all due respect to Havlicek, he would have to run up and down the court 450 times, or once every six seconds, to cover eight miles in the game. I doubt that any amount of weaving around defenders can account for that distance.

DAVID ATKINS
Cambridge, Mass.

Sir:

Do you guys have any idea how a pedometer works?

I'm not knocking Havlicek's "hustle," but strap the same pedometer on me and I'll give you eight quick miles in a rocking chair. Or, more comfortably, sacked out on a Magic Fingers mattress.

For the Dad who cuts it. Give him a McCulloch Mini Mac 35 on Father's Day.

He can't buy another chain saw with all these features at any price!

Chain Brake/Hand Guard
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Hondo probably shoulder-fakes several miles per game. But run eight miles in 43 minutes? No way!

E. F. T. RICE
Wilmington, Del.

HE NEVER SAID IT
Sir:

In a May 2 SCORECARD item, you say that I tell my students about "getting blood the hard way," a gimmick in which for \$30 extra a wrestler will inflict a pre-match cut in his forehead with a bottle cap, then will allow it to be pounded until blood flows furiously during the bout.

This allegation and quote first appeared in the *Dallas News* in an article written by Carlson Stowers. The statement was made to Mr. Stowers by an unnamed source, and I do not appreciate the fact that it has been attributed to me. It is definitely not mine and is completely erroneous.

GLY DEMPSY, PRESIDENT
Dempsey's International School of
Professional Wrestling
Dallas

CLOSED DOORS
Sir:

Robert Creamer's box (*Why Are These Stars on the Outs*, April 11) on the Cooperstown Outs defeating a team of Cooperstown Inn is very well taken.

But he left out the greatest Outs of all, the legends of superb athletes who were playing and beating the best of the Hall of Famers—the Ty Cobbs, Babe Ruths, Rogers Hornbys, etc.

I'm referring to the superstars of the old Negro leagues who will have no more opportunities to make it into Cooperstown—unless the Hall of Fame board of directors does something. The committee headed by Monte Irvin, which has named nine of these men, is slated to disband on Aug. 7.

The official reason given is that no more qualified Negro league veterans remain. But the real reason is that the committee was given a quota of nine when it was formed in 1971; the quota was reached this year, and the bargain has been completed.

If this injustice is allowed to stand, the Hall

of Fame will never include—and fans will never know about—great names of American baseball history such as Smokey Joe Williams, Rube Foster, Willie Wells, Cannonball Dick Redding, Willie Foster, Dave Malarcher, Bud Wilson and Chino Smith, to name but a handful of the black greats.

To exclude them permanently would be tremendously unfair. Between 1886 and 1948 the blacks played the best of the white big-leaguers more than 400 times. The blacks won 248, the whites 148. A flake? The burden of proof, it seems to me, is on the whites to show that they were not beaten fair and square. There's only one way to win a baseball game: cross home plate more often than the other team. The blacks did this consistently against the best of the whites now in Cooperstown. Yet Cooperstown's doors are being slammed in their faces again.

JOHN HOLWAY
Manassas, Va.

SWEET TOOTH
Sir:

What is all this about Reggie Jackson has-
continued

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It comes in mild, spicy, pizza, salmon, bacon, and pepperoni. At your grocers.

And it's small enough to go to work, school, sports events, or anywhere you think you might be hungry.

Slim Jim. The all meat snack.

Maybe we should actually be calling it an appetizer.

**A little less than a meal.
A little more than a snack.**



15TH HOLE (continued)

ing a candy bar named after him (S.C.H.I.C.K.A.R.D., May 16)? There are already a number of candy bars named after him, each pertaining to a different aspect of his personality or ability.

1. What he thives on "Pay Day"
2. His weekly paycheck "\$100,000 Bar"
3. Size of his wallet "Chunky"
4. Congeniality "Zero"
5. Personality "Snickers"
6. Use of his mouth "Power House"
7. Defensive ability "Bimberfinger"

BRIAN HINCH
Baltimore

EAGLES ALOFT

See

In your article on the raptors (*Fighting Beak and Claw*, May 16) you have given some cause for optimism concerning the amelioration of the plight of certain hawks and eagles. However, the observation that "progress" is the test "leveler" of these magnificent creatures is particularly timely in view of pending legislation that could lead to the destruction of the Boundary Waters Canoe Area, a part of the Superior National Forest in northern Minnesota and a natural breeding ground for bald eagles and many other species.

Last summer my two teen-age sons and I went on a seven-day, 60-mile canoe trip in the BWCA. Early in the morning of our second day, as we paddled leisurely through one of the hundreds of island-studded lakes, two mature bald eagles swooped down to within 10 feet of our canoe. One of the birds, wings gracefully extended, plunged his talons into the lake. Both birds then soared away with their trophies, which appeared to be a three-foot northern pike—a trophy, incidentally, that the boys and I were never able to match. Our prize was in witnessing a truly awesome act of nature.

Unfortunately, my boys may never have the opportunity to share such experiences with their sons. A measure introduced into Congress by Representative James L. Oberstar of Minnesota, will if passed, permit logging, mining, snowmobiling and motor boating in 40% of the BWCA. Anyone who shares my concern should consider writing his Congressman.

PHIL MOE

West Des Moines, Iowa

• Rep. Oberstar's office says the bill would allow no mining whatsoever, logging would be restricted to the 400,000-acre National Recreation Area (40% of the BWCA), snowmobiling would be confined to designated routes—amounting to about half of those now in use—and motorboating would be permitted only where it is currently allowed.—ED

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